Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 17, 1970

BACK TO WORK, JOE NAMATH!

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(A mournful memoir from the MONY file of frustrating cases)

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MONY MAN: Sir, mayhap that will protect good Queen Liz's foot, but how will it protect your family?

RALEIGH: So grateful will she be, she'll look after me like her own son. Probably send me to the New World to make colonies and bring back tobacco.

MONY MAN: Ah, the New World, headquarters of MONY, a company of such fine repute that some say by 1970 it will have over $14,431,699,000.67 in life insurance in force—not to mention health insurance.
(Ed. Note: what some said proved absolutely correct.)

RALEIGH: A wonderful company indeed, my friend, undoubtedly one of the finest. Still, I've decided to place my faith in the gnod Queen.
Ed. Note: We must admit that Sir Walter's faith was not entirely misplaced. During Queen Elizabeth's reign, life for him was pretty much of a breeze. But then along came James I and neatly lopped off the head of the most noble, but insuranceless, Raleigh. Which brings up the moral that follows directly.

MORAL:

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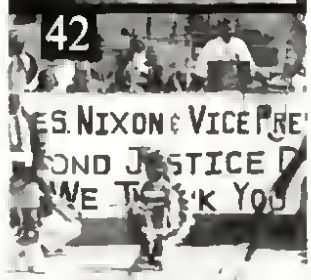


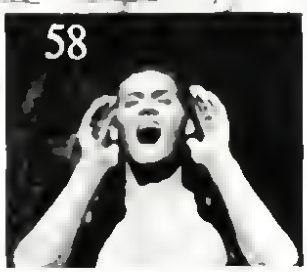












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Credits on page 76

Next week

THE TOUGHEST FIELD in golf contends next week for the game's fourth major crown, the PGA Championship, at Tulsa's Southern Hills course. Dan Jenkins will cover the action.

A RICH UPSTART named Marlu Pride, not considered classy enough to enter in The Hambletonian, has been beating the well-bred colts and fries again in the Yonkers Futurity.

BATTLING BATTERS. Big Yaz and tough Tony Oliva, take on each other in Boston. William Leggett reports on the rivalry between the American League's two top hitters.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER















Sports stars in motion pictures have been a U S cultural phenomenon since Gentleman Jim Corbett stepped in front of a hand-cranked camera in 1919 to make a silent film serial titled *The Midnight Man*. In the intervening half a century, sports figures of all assortments—boxers, football players and baseball stars—have lit the silver screen. Several of them are pictured on this page in their moments of thespian glory. The most successful transition—if not the most esthetic—from sport to film was made by Johnny Weissmuller, the Olympic swim champion who became the celluloid embodiment of Tarzan for three generations of Americans and whom Jerry Kirshenbaum presents in this issue (*page 58*). Swimmers, mysteriously, have seemed to have the best of it in movies. Besides Weissmuller, two other champions—Buster Crabbe and Esther Williams—have enjoyed long and presumably lucrative motion-picture careers. And among the complications in the life of Joe Namath, SI's cover subject this week, are movies. He's finished two of them this summer—the first a period piece called *The Last Rebel*, which provides our cover photograph, and the other a motorcycle epic called *C. C. and Company*. Considering Namath's opaque relationship with the Jets' management, you might think the initials stand for Can't Communicate.

Dick Munro

Jack Dempsey as a strong-arm cop
May Buer with Walter Huston and Myrna Loy
Bill Tilden foils a culprit
Archie Moore in "Huckleberry Finn"
Jim Thorpe as a cigar-smoking Indian.
Jim Brown with nascogar-smoking Indian.
Babe Ruth emotes in "Speedy"
Sonja Henie in (what else?) an ice epic.
Buster Crabbe, swim star-cum-Flash Gordon
Red Grange, not galloping now
Gene Tunney in "The Fighting Marine"
Chuck Connors from glove to gun
Johnny Mack Brown with Joan Crawford.
Esther Williams in (what else?) a water epic.













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MEET:



DICK FLEENER
in Milwaukee

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Dick is a native of Owatonna, Minnesota and attended Cornell College, where he received his B.A. degree in economics and business. Dick sought a career in which he could put his academic training to work in helping others and he found such an opportunity with Connecticut General. He joined the Company at Des Moines, Iowa in 1957 as a Group Insurance Representative. He's happy about that decision and so is Connecticut General. Today, he's District Manager of the Company's Milwaukee Group Pension office located at 312 E. Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee. One of Milwaukee's rising young businessmen, he devotes his professional skills to helping the area's leading insurance men provide for the needs of their group insurance clients.

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BOOKTALK

'Only the Ball Was White' sheds bright light on a dark chapter of U.S. baseball

By 1945 almost anything seemed possible in this great country—anything, that is, but a black man playing major league baseball. The color restriction had been in effect in organized baseball almost since its inception and, while the all-white leagues flourished, a number of Negro leagues tried unsuccessfully to establish a place for the black man in the so-called national pastime. With a touch of nostalgia and a historian's dedication to fact, Robert W. Peterson tells the story of those black leagues and the men who played in them in a fine book called *Only the Ball Was White* (Prentice-Hall, $9.95)

For the most part the Negro leagues were motley collections of barnstorming squads held together by some promoter who usually had a stake in at least one of the teams. Their games were casually reported, if reported at all, and their statistics were incomplete and unreliable. Nevertheless, by poring over yellowed Negro weeklies and old sporting papers and by conducting a long series of interviews with the people who were forced to play this segregated brand of baseball, Peterson has pieced together their story, and a fascinating story it is.

The first all-black teams sprang up in the 1880s after organized baseball had begun its policy of racial exclusion. Player contracts were either nonexistent or informal verbal agreements, and players were free to pick up and leave at any time, which they often did. It was not unusual to have a single individual playing for two teams in the same week.

The first fully constituted Negro league was the eight-team League of Colored Base Ball Clubs, organized in 1887. It lasted almost one full week. The second attempt, in 1906, was called the International League of Independent Professional Base Ball Clubs and actually included two white teams. It survived one season. Scores of other loosely organized groups followed, but the only relatively successful one proved to be the Negro National League. Organized in 1921, it lasted 10 years. A second Negro National League was organized in 1933 and included such legendary teams as the Homestead Grays and the Elite Giants. In one form or another the second NNL survived till 1960.

When on April 18, 1946 a husky young black man named Jackie Robinson, late of the Kansas City Monarchs, donned the uniform of the Montreal Royals, a Dodger farm club, and grounded weakly to shortstop, he signaled the beginning of the end for all-black baseball, and the beginning of a bright new chapter for all of baseball.

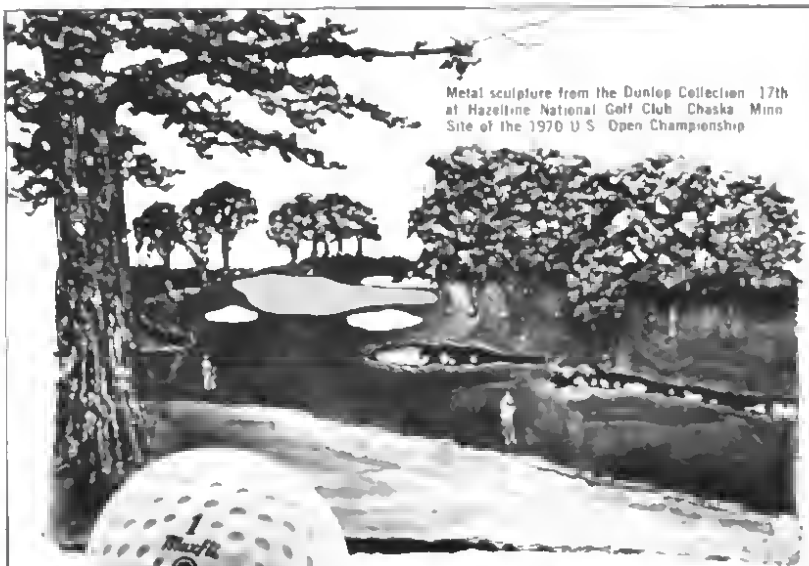
—David Fisher

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SHOPWALK

For a triangular Malay or an aluminum-spined Maltese cross, see Mr. Pearson

Alex Pearson is an aggressively gentle old Dubliner who lives in London and dreams about kites He also makes kites the best there are and orders for them pour in from all over the world to Alex' bachelor flat at 1 Samuel Richardson House, North End Road, London W14 There Pearson spends much of his time alternately cursing or conversing with a yippy Yorkshire terrier named Dombey and fashioning his gossamer marvels. When not making kites in the midst of the tinker's jumble of bicycle axles, nylon sheets, wooden dowels, aluminum tubing, plywood cutouts, nuts, bolts and odd bits of wire that clutter his kitchen workshop, Pearson is out flying them on the Kensington Gardens kiting pitch near the Round Pond model boat basin at the western fringe of the park

Because small winds generally need big kites and vice versa, the prices of Pearson's kites vary inversely with the size of the breeze they are designed for Gales that tug a mile-high kite with the strength of a blue marlin need "pilots" elongated hexagons with rectangular gaps amidship When the wind slackens, a triangular Malay is the thing, either the conventional sort with tail or stabilizing aileron, or the double-sailed split variant (apparently all kitemakers were raised on Lewis Carroll). The more adventurous flyers would probably prefer an original design of Pearson's, the aluminum-spined Maltese cross, which carries two mainsails, two adjustable jibs, and in flight is as fickle as a psychiatrist's wife

When even the most sensitive wetted fingers can barely detect movement in the air, Pearson prescribes delicate, lazy split rollers with twin sails or Baden-Powells, six feet across and capable of riding the feeblest rising thermal currents up to—and through—the gray ceiling of London.

Alex Pearson makes kites for the love of it, and it shows His prices range from about $3 60 to $14, but most of the money goes for materials. Like everything in Britain, the cost of kites depends not so much on what they are but what they're made of. A Maltese cross with adjustable twin jibs, for instance, will cost about half as much in ordinary material as in paper nylon, the Harris tweed of kiting.

Pearson started making kites more than 40 years ago after watching the satisfied face of a flyer in London's Wormwood Scrubs one foggy day in 1925 He's been at it ever since. A retired maintenance man, now 73, Pearson has lived to see the reputation of his kites spread throughout the world.

Why does he fly? Because, says Pearson, "Kiting is the only sport I know that you don't end up hurting someone."

— CHARLES R. EISENDRATH

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

VINTAGE YEARS

Benny Friedman, who was an All-America quarterback at Michigan more than 40 years ago and a star quarterback in the National Football League after that, is in his 60s and has no official connection with football anymore. Yet he stays close to the game, running clinics for high school quarterbacks, and right now he is not happy. He'd like a cut of the pro football pension pie and says he is thinking of starting legal action on behalf of old-time pro players. "Brash and arrogant beyond belief" is Friedman's description of the decision—reportedly the result of actuarial necessity—to leave pre-1958 pro players out of the pension plan. "What gave them the license to draw the line at 1958?" he asks. "How can they exclude the older players? We kept the franchise alive and gave these guys what they have now. I used to travel two days ahead of the team with our publicity man. We'd buy two bottles of whiskey, go to the newspaper in the town where we would be playing and give one bottle to the sports editor and the other to the columnist. We'd sit down and talk, and that's how we got publicity. When I was with the Giants I spoke at every high school in New York. We did things like that to keep the teams going. I don't like the callousness of players today who are getting $50,000 and $100,000 a year plus all those other benefits. They should be thinking about the guys who made it possible. I think they owe us a hell of a debt."

Of course, times have changed. You can't buy publicity from sportswriters and sports editors today. Not for one bottle of whiskey, you can't.

MANAGEMENT BOY

The new Portland, Ore. Trail Blazers of the National Basketball Association are accepting applications from would-be ball boys. Leo Marty, a young aspirant, may well appeal to owners and coaches. After enumerating his qualifications his letter added:

"But I also have a few things to offer you if I am chosen. First of all, I would promise that I would not try to form a union of ball boys throughout the league. I don't care for a pension and I don't need a loan from the club for a few grand."

Son, you just passed the management test. Now, how do you think you'll get along with the players?

FAULT

In the last few weeks bad manners have taken over from good tennis on the Pepsi Grand Prix tennis circuit, the sponsored long-green-instead-of-silver-trophies tour. Cliff Richey and Bob Hewitt got into a shouting match at the Western tournament in Cincinnati, and at the National Clay Courts Open in Indianapolis, Brian Fairlie walked off the court and sat down in the grandstand when he decided that Hewitt was "towelling off" too much. Richey won his match in Cincinnati but said (of Hewitt), "This guy is the biggest jerk that ever existed," and (to Hewitt), "Next time you say something I'm going to wrap a racket over your head." When the two players were called into a peace conference Hewitt refused to attend, saying later, "I'll be damned if I was going to go out there when it was my opponent who caused all the trouble. I could knock *him* over the head with a racket, too, but the way I figure it, don't be gutless and use a racket. Be a man about it and use your fists."

In keeping with the general tenor of things, Ilie Nastase of Rumania got so upset over a call by Umpire Al Buman that he swatted a ball at the umpire's stand. Buman yelled, "Nastase, I'm warning you, don't do that again." After losing a point later in the match, Nastase knocked a ball far out of the arena. Buman shouted, "We're not going to have hatted balls in this tournament. Get the referee." The referee and the tournament chairman huddled with Buman and then told Nastase he would be disqualified if there were another incident. Nastase lost the next three games and the match and complained, "It wasn't fair. Everybody else has been hitting balls out."

One veteran tennis follower commented, "I have never seen so much bad sportsmanship as there has been this year. They asked me to be a linesman for the final match, but I wouldn't do that for all the money in the world, not the way the players are abusing everybody in sight."

Arthur Ashe, generally acknowledged to be one of the more gentlemanly players in the game, explained his cohorts' behavior: "People complain about our sportsmanship, but it's only that, with money on the line, we're trying harder than ever. If people today expect the players to be gentlemen they're looking for the wrong thing. All that counts is what goes on inside those white lines. The players will do anything to win short of cheating. They want to *win*—not please people."

SILLY BUSINESS

Hank McGraw, 27-year-old brother of the New York Mets' Tug McGraw and a catcher-first baseman with the Philadelphia Phillies' farm team in Eugene, Ore., was suspended by the club July 11 because—here we go again—his hair



was longer than the Phillies' management felt it should be. (The Phillies issue *A Public Relations Primer for Professional Baseball Players* that includes sections on "Handling Yourself," "Handling the Press," "Establishing Commercial Values," "Personal Relations with the Public Directly" and "Personal Appearance.") McGraw, who was batting .305

continued



Ted Williams says:

"Camouflage and blaze orange outfits- now Sears gives you both in one outfit."

"If you hunt different game, you know what it's like. To hunt birds, you need a camouflage outfit. To hunt upland game safely, a blaze orange outfit. But that means shelling out for two sets of clothes.

I talked to Sears about it. About finding a way to save the expense.

And we came up with an idea. An idea for a new kind of lightweight hunting outfit. An outfit that's two in one. Camouflage on one side. Blaze orange outfit on the other. Not like other blaze orange outfits you've seen—and heard. This one's made with a fabric that slips through woods silently.



And I made sure this outfit's equipped for a hunter. With recoil pads. Hand-warmer pockets. Big pockets with shell loops. Water-repellent finish.

I've worn this outfit plenty. Blaze orange outfit for deer hunting. Camouflage for bird hunting. A great outfit. It earned my check mark.

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Every piece of equipment that carries this check mark earns it the same way. In field tests. The check mark tells you it's Sears finest.

Try on this great new reversible hunting outfit. It's in the Hunt Shop in a Sears Sports Center. Or Sears 1970 Hunting Catalog. Write me for a free copy: Ted Williams, c/o Sears, Roebuck and Co., Dept. 139-GR3, 925 S. Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60607."

Sears
SPORTS CENTER
where the new ideas are

with 14 homers and 49 runs batted in at the time of suspension, said, "It's thick hair. It's real thick, but the actual length is maybe three inches or so. I would look to the average longhair today just like a straight, regular citizen. I don't really understand it."

Phillie General Manager John Quinn said, "On four occasions Manager Lou Kahn spoke to McGraw about getting a haircut. He gave him time to get one. McGraw didn't. In view of the information we send to our players Lou said there was nothing else he could do."

McGraw commented, "People in baseball are all from the old school. It's always the past. But people change. The public changes. The people they're signing now have changed. I think baseball is losing fans in the 17-to-25 age group, and that isn't right. The peace movement and all, that should fit right in with baseball. It's sort of a nonviolent sport compared with the other major sports. It should fit right in with that age group if they promoted it the right way. I don't know for sure what they could do, but maybe they could start by giving the players themselves a little more in the way of individual personalities rather than make them all look the same when they take the field. They're always talking about the old days. Well, in the old days there seemed to be more color, more personality, more individualism.

"I think the whole thing is a little silly."

$2 IS $2

Bay Meadows Racetrack, near San Francisco, conducted a perilous experiment a week or so ago during a county fair race meeting. The traditional daily-double bet was raised from $2 to $5. Admittedly, it was a trial balloon, but one that was intently watched by racetrack operators all over the country. If Bay Meadows took the $5 double in stride it would indicate the bettors everywhere were ready for inflation at the mutuel windows. Win, place and show windows would probably follow along, and the $2 bet would go the way of the 5¢ cigar and the nickel phone call.

But the trial balloon barely floated out of the starting gate. After one week the daily-double handle was down 32.7% from last year's county fair meeting. Other betting was up 8%, indicating that the money was there. The windows were quickly reconverted to the old $2 bet and, wham, the handle jumped 50%, almost immediately, from around $40,000 a day for the $5 bet to $60,000 for the $2 one. These are minuscule sums in racing, yet the track received calls from major tracks—including those in New York and New Jersey, 3,000 miles away—asking how the double was doing.

Observers at the track blamed the failure of the $5 bet on a general resentment that the price had been raised, on a disinclination of people to "wheel" the double (coupling a horse in one race with every horse in the other race) because of the expense and on a falling off in gimmick bets (some bettors always play a perfunctory $2 bet on their age or on their favorite number).

Demurrers pointed out that the experiment was a very brief one, that favorites kept winning and that there had not been any big payoffs to get bettors excited. Nonetheless, the fact remains, the $2 bettor kept his money in his pocket or at the other $2 windows.

GRAMBLING GAME

Grambling College, the hotbed in which so many pro football players begin their growth, is playing the numbers game and winning. Grambling had its worst record in 10 years (6-4) last fall but still led the NAIA and NCAA college-division teams in total attendance at all games with 277,209, and this year the figure may be higher. The team plays more than half of its games on the road and has dates scheduled in Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium, Chicago's Soldier Field, Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, Houston's Astrodome and, tentatively, Detroit's Tiger Stadium. Plans are also under way to send games back home via closed-circuit TV. Grambling may be a small school (4,000 students), but in football it is big time all the way.

HERESY

Here is a comment from a non-Pittsburgh baseball fan that is guaranteed to outrage followers of the Pirates. He says, "I'm sick and tired of hearing people say that Roberto Clemente is the greatest player in the game. He's a good player, a very good player, but he simply is not on a level with a Henry Aaron or a Willie Mays. Take fielding. Clemente is superb, no doubt about it, and he has a powerful arm. But Mays for

years was an even better fielder with a stronger arm. And Aaron, even though he is not spectacular, is just about as good. Clemente is a fine base runner. But as good as Mays was? Never. And have you ever noticed Aaron's percentage of successful steals? In hitting, despite those batting championships, Clemente does not compare. Never mind home runs, where Aaron and Mays leave him far behind. Take runs scored and runs batted in, the key statistics in evaluating a player's offensive value. Clemente has scored 100 runs in a season only three times and batted in 100 runs twice. Aaron has scored 100 or more runs 14 times, Mays 12, and each has had 10 100-RBI seasons. In the 16 years the three have been in the National League together, Clemente has been behind *both* Mays and Aaron in *both* categories 13 times, including this season. And he's on the bench so much. Look, from 1955 through 1965, Mays missed only 33 games in 11 seasons. Aaron missed 49. Clemente missed 211, which is the equivalent of a season and a quarter. That doesn't hurt his batting average but it sure doesn't help his team.

"Clemente is a fine ballplayer, but in my book he's terribly overrated."

THEY SAID IT

• Floyd Little, Denver Broncos bowlegged running back, after a visit to Wyoming: "I like the folks up there: they all walk just like I do."

• Dick Gordon, Apollo 12 astronaut: "Preparing for a flight into space is much like an athlete's training, except that it takes a bit longer. We train three years for one ball game and there are only 50 players to begin with, and some don't get in the game."

• Robert Trent Jones, golf architect, whose Hazeltine course, site of the 1970 U.S. Open, was subjected to criticism: "At the British Open at St. Andrews I asked one of the American players why they didn't complain about the conditions, since they were much the same as at Hazeltine. He told me, 'St. Andrews is 400 years old and, besides, we don't know whom to blame.' "

• Mrs. Rick Barry, wife of the basketball star, after hearing that Earl Foreman, owner of the Virginia Squires, would release her husband from his contract for $200,000: "Foreman is asking a lot for Rick to pay $200,000. I don't think any man is worth $200,000." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 17, 1970

DOWN TO THE SEA IN $

On the eve of decisive America's Cup trials, foreign and domestic, the grandeur of the sea and charisma of Newport intermingle with the contenders' stark concern over huge investments. Big business outsails romance; so far "Intrepid" has sailed best **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**



Like a doughty debutante who knows she will be noticed by sweeping into the ballroom late, *Gretel II* of Australia came down Narragansett Bay to Newport last week to complete the list for this year's America's Cup cotillion. She berthed opposite another well-bred foreign beauty, named *France*, who had been making small talk around Newport for quite a while. Not far away were a trio of Americans, *Intrepid*, *Valiant* and *Heritage*, each determined to win, each jealous of her chance to stand for her country. And so at last the August coming-out could begin in that most famous and most exclusive of yacht racing events, the challenge for the America's Cup, a trophy held for 119 years by the U.S.—so long that it has been for decades bolted firmly to an oaken table in the New York Yacht Club.

Intrepid is heavily favored to win the final U.S. trials, which will begin next week. Said trials will end at the pleasure of the gentlemen of the New York Yacht Club. It is all very ritualistic, very proper—cannons at sunset and all that—and before each trial race the white-capped men of the yacht club's race committee announce the boat pairings by showing placards bearing competitors' sail numbers along the side of the committee boat, which is called *Incredible*. As things now stand, that is the word which will come quickly to the experts' tongues if the winning number ultimately proves not to be 22, *Intrepid*. Nonetheless this is the first time in cup history that there are two foreign challengers, and no one really has a clue as to whether *France* or *Gretel II* is the better boat. They race a best-of-seven series, due to begin next Friday, for the right to meet the American defender in September, and ah, how the town longs for the foreigners to win even one race. Whatever happens, there will be a proper noise that both the uppitiest and the lowliest in that grand and strangely democratic old playground by the sea will feel in the deepest corners of their souls.

It is difficult to conceive of a place better suited than Newport to the pursuit and defense of the nicely gnarled and unmistakably genteel old pitcher that is the America's Cup. Newport is a gem of the ocean, plain and fancy, home port to the horny-handed lobstermen of Aquidneck Island as well as the working one-upsmen of Bailey's Beach; to the Vanderbilts and the Auchinclosses and the Firestones and the Van Alens of U.S. society as well as the Munsons and Langes and Strzymenkis of the U.S.S. *Brownson*. In the bleak lamplight of barroom pool tables on the waterfront main stem, Thames Street, gobs of the Navy may interrupt discussions of life's fondest subjects—girls, hometowns, departed shipmates—to fall into loud and obscene disagreement over the quality of seamanship aboard the cup boats, though the Thames Street

continued

The big boats in battle. Above, "Valiant" and "Intrepid" round the windward mark. Dueling downwind, they bespeak the beauty of sail.


RAPID





"Heritage," reaching down to cup buoy, has the brightest spinneker and worst record.



Bill Ficker, "Intrapid's" skipper, rune boat lika big business

"Valiant" crewmen sweet below-decks over epeca-aga winchee



Navy doesn't necessarily know spinnakers from spinach when it comes to sailing. In the gilded baroque ballroom of Marble House on Bellevue Avenue, patrician ladies with hiue hair gracefully applaud a chamber music concert of a morning, then fall into well-modulated conversation about the chances of getting Baron Marcel Bich, leader of the French, to come to *thé*.

Newport is at home with the America's Cup as few other ports in the world might be, for within its quite limited geographical purview it long ago became accustomed to the lofty ways of the mighty as well as rousing exhibitions of barroom navigation, and some of the most beautiful vistas, both God-given and man-made, soothe the eyes of men.

Two men who are quite blind to all but the ocean off Newport for the time being—the men on the hottest spots—are Rohert W McCullough, organizer of the *Valiant* syndicate and helmsman of the boat, and William P. Ficker, the skipper of *Intrepid*. Each carries on his back his syndicate's hefty investment in his boat—at least $750,000 each (in all, this America's Cup year represents an investment of no less than $6 million). Each skipper will be held solely responsible for anything, however minor, that goes wrong at sea. And at Newport nothing is minor. Starting a race well is desperately important: the nature of match racing is such that a skipper who is badly outfoxed at the start tends never to catch up And on Newport's six-legged, 24.3-mile course he has an awful long time in which to brood

Except that it is not permissihle tc brood A serene mind is what a skipper needs most. Concentration is so crucial, says Bill Ficker, that when he races he sees "nothing but the water ahead." Ficker, age 42 and hairless as *Intrepid's* hull, is a wealthy California architect. Outwardly, at least, he is imperturbable. Hc presides over a crew which has the unusually youthful average age of 23. Except in his single loss to McCullough in the July trials, he has started well and made few tactical errors As most sailors know by now, his boat was created originally by the master cup designer, Olin Stephens II, for the 1967 defense, and has undergone major surgery below the waterline under the knife of a young pretender, Britton Chance Jr. Stephens, the designer of *Valiant*, would

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

have to be inhuman if that knife has not pricked his pride.

When Ficker is asked why *Intrepid* has so consistently drubbed the newer Stephens boat, he fixes his pale blue eyes upon his questioner and quietly says, "I think we are simply better organized. The boats are not that different." To a man, the *Intrepid* crewmen play bridge, and though Ficker is known as a disciplinarian ("We insist on absolute silence under way except for commands and essential working conversation"), he does allow his men to crack a deck of cards belowdecks during deadly hours spent getting to and from practice or while waiting to start a race. Any visitor to the rambling mansion on Price's Neck where *Intrepid's* crew lives is offered an ornate glass bowl filled with green and white buttons that say FICKER IS QUICKER.

Bob McCullough, 49, the skipper Ficker has been consistently quicker than, is a thoroughly Establishment man—a Connecticut textile millionaire and rear commodore of the New York Yacht Club. His is the most experienced cup crew, averaging a relatively ripe 35 years of age. Any amount of waterfront gossip has taken *Valiant's* helm out of McCullough's hands and conferred it upon various others. The name of George Hinman, a wise old sea dog of 65 who has been having a grand time as helmsman of *Valiant's* trial horse, *Weatherly*, has come up repeatedly. The precedent of 1964, when *Constellation* was shifted from Eric Ridder to Bob Bavier, woke up and beat *American Eagle* and then the British, has not been ignored.

McCullough has endured all this with considerable grace. When asked last week if he might conceivably take himself off the boat, he said, "It's too late. There would not be time for another man to get the boat in hand." McCullough said there already had been too little time for the crew members—veterans though they are—to mesh with one another in the most efficient way. "We have had a lot of alterations on the boat," he said, "so many that I don't think we've had one-tenth of the time for crew training that we did in 1967, when I had *Constellation*. I think the boat itself is now finally going as fast as possible, and it should not take us long to be in top condition. Now it'll be like the Kansas City Chiefs getting ready for the All-Stars; they knew each

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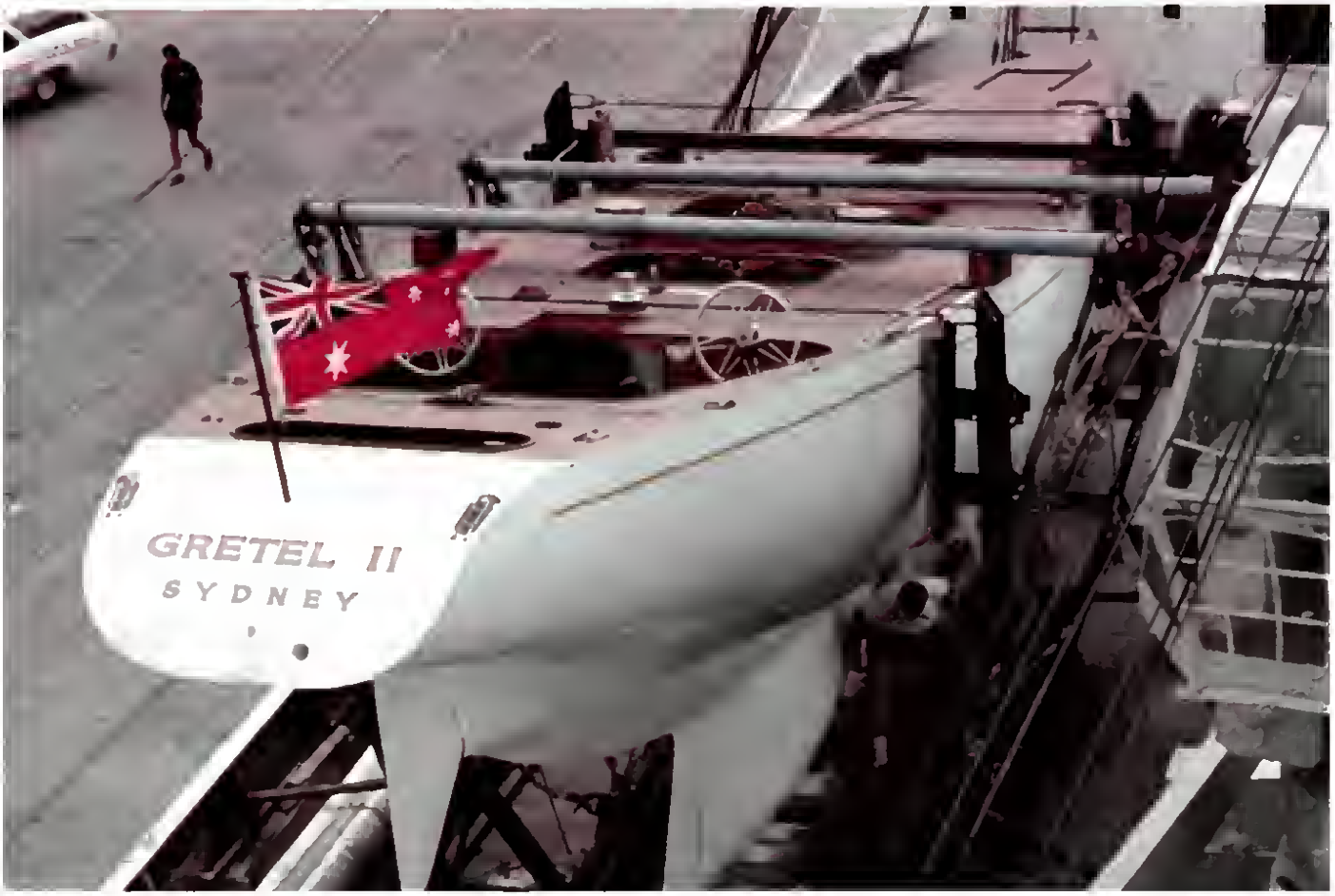
In Franco-American dockside encounter 'Valiant'' Skipper Bob McCullough meets Marcel Bich, the ballpoint pen baron, whose challenger shares Newport's waters with U.S. Navy.










GRETEL II
SYDNEY

other so well they could do it in a matter of days."

As for Charley Morgan, the Florida boatbuilder who has put forth *Heritage*, he seems to be odd man out before the final trials even get going. The most poignant sight in Newport has been that of *Heritage* hanging just above the water at dockside as Morgan's men make change upon change.

Just getting a boat to Newport is a pretty fair accomplishment, however—not unlike being invited into the taut and conservative New York Yacht Club, and both France and Australia may compliment themselves on the club's confidence in their capacities for seamanship and yachting decorum. Ted Turner, a hard-driving Atlantan with a fine ocean-racing record in the old *American Eagle*, has not yet succeeded in making the club's membership roster. He is getting into the sacred waters this week, though, by chartering *Eagle* to the Aussies as their trial horse.

The NYYC has always been somewhat grudging about broadening its base of membership. The most famous postwar cup skipper, Emil (Bus) Mosbacher, now the nation's Chief of Protocol, is one of the very few men of Jewish descent on the rolls. Over the years the club has agreed to accommodate the most pressing requests of the foreign challengers—they have not had to sail the seas *to* Newport for 33 years—but still feels a heavy responsibility for keeping its own bolt tightly knurled to the bottom of the cup in its sedate rooms on Manhattan's 44th Street. A few years ago, when Baron Bich first advanced the idea of having trials to select a foreign challenger from more than one country, a yacht club officer coldly responded, "This is not the Davis Cup." Ah, but a less brassbound spirit ultimately prevailed.

The Australian crew, an uncommonly robust and jovial band of veterans, stayed behind in Sydney Harbor racing the first *Gretel* against Stephens' oldie but goodie, *Vim*, while a freighter gave *Gretel II* her leisurely 14,000-mile ride to Newport. "It makes you a bit uneasy, mate, to think that you might be putting up a new spinnaker for the first time at the first mark in the first race, doesn't it now?" said Skipper Jim Hardy. Indeed, though Hardy, 37, a good-humored Sydney winegrower, seems cool enough.

Among early items of news that may or may not be relevant now was word from Down Under that Sir Frank Packer's *Gretel II* had been singularly unimpressive in first trials. She had a bendy mast and turned with all the finesse of a beer truck, it was said. Thus, though the loyalists at home were wearing hopeful pro-Aussie sweatshirts, Newport felt the magnificent young men of *Gretel II* to be underequipped—like commandos going to war with wooden swords, as one observer put it.

Newport loved the Aussies nonetheless. On Bellevue Avenue servant girls (nearly all college girls on summer vacation these years) were atwitter over Hardy's brawny buckos. Merchants of wine, spirits and other drinks of the night were also pleased. One of Newport's favorite stories is that in 1967 an enterprising barkeep imported a few hundred gallons of Australian beer and rang up a $50,000 profit during America's Cup weeks.

The forces of Baron Bich, meanwhile, had arrived late in June. It was a bit more than a *force de frappe* the baron brought along. No fewer than 70 people were in his party, including all of his own nine children (aged 3 to 31) and three chefs. They occupied a Newport monument, Miramar, built by George Widener (who went down with the *Titanic*), now a girls' school. Though luxurious inside, the grounds have become somewhat dowdy, so the French hired their own men to pluck crabgrass from cracks in the patio and dig dandelions from the garden urns.

But the French have problems more serious than Newport's perennial shortage of gardeners. Two potential skippers have stalked out; there have been morale problems among the hard-worked crewmen. "A Frenchman is nothing if not an individualist," said Bruno Bich, the baron's second son and spokesman. "Of course, I admit we have tried something new by not yet naming a permanent crew or a permanent helmsman, but we feel that if a man is part of a team effort, it should not matter to him if he races or not. Perhaps we are wrong, but we think if a man has a big FRANCE on his shirt, that is really the point, because he is part of the effort."

Bruno Bich added: "If we could beat the Australians and then finish, perhaps, three to five minutes behind the American boat, we would feel we have accomplished a great deal."

If spending will make it so, the French will accomplish; they are into the game for approximately $2 million at present. Marcel Bich has indicated he will spend whatever is necessary eventually to win the cup.

But like Henry James, a sometime Newport visitor, Bich is not amused by profligate spending. He is more concerned with the glory of France, and is not of the company James decried one Newport summer in its gilded age as worshippers of the "great, black ebony god of business," and whose mansions, in James' view, should "stand there always, vast and blank, for reminder to those concerned of the prohibited degrees of witlessness, and of the peculiarly awkward vengeances of affronted proportion and discretion."

Still, James probably would not cotton to the cup contenders of 1970, for they are businessmen, and all-business about the brutal requirements of winning. Though one may wish them to speak of the romance of the sea and the poetry of the wind, sailing for the America's Cup does not lend itself to skippers of sentimental bent. This is a sport geared to men who can fix their gaze on a hard goal—forming a conglomerate, say, or putting in a tough bid for a Defense Department contract.

Bill Ficker and Bob McCullough and Charley Morgan and Jim Hardy—they are all tanned, fit, lithe, graceful men. They have quick reflexes, steady hands and strong arms at the wheel, but they are perhaps as much at home in banks and boardrooms as in the cockpit of a 12-meter yacht. Bill Ficker said, "In a sense it's more important to have knowledge of how to form a good corporation than to be able to sail a boat fast in this competition. When I became skipper, it was as if I took over all the responsibilities of a corporation, including cost accounting, personnel, administration—and turning a profit. That's the kind of responsibility a skipper in an America's Cup yacht must carry. That, and a realization that it's the opportunity of a lifetime to be competing for the greatest trophy there is in sailing." **END**

Newest girl in town is Australia's dilatory "Gretel II," shown aboard freighter. She shares the cup ambience with "Valiant's" golden hull, spectators afloat, crewmen big-lawning it.

HOT ON THE TRAIL OF BIG MAMA

A gathering of young and old gaffers searched the seas off Hawaii for the wife of the world's biggest marlin. She got away, naturally, but the fishermen hooked a record catch along the way

by ROBERT F. JONES



At first glance, a marlin-fishing tournament would appear to be about as exciting a spectator sport as the nose-wrestling championship. Like, what is there to see? Most of the action takes place over the horizon. Most of the fight, on the fishes' part, occurs about three football fields straight down. Though teamwork is important it is not of the slam-bang, Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance variety, but rather of the school that says, "Yeah, Fred, gimme a little sip of ice water and then pour the rest on the reel cause the drag is getting damned hot." Even when the day's catch is weighed at the dock—the closest thing to a grand moment that the sport can provide—there is a faint odor of supermarket about the whole business. The fish has long since lost its color and appears about as dramatic as a used truck tire. "There it is, folks, a Pacific blue marlin, 358½ pounds of blazing oceanic fury." In terms of socio-economic reality, that translates into a two-year supply of fishcakes.

But wait a minute. For all of that deglamorization, the 12th annual Hawaiian International Billfish Tournament (H.I.B.T. to its friends), which freespooled to a finish last week on the stone wharf of Kailua-Kona, provided all the ingredients of a classical sporting event. There was a down-to-the-wire finish in which four teams could have taken, well, the fishcake. A crowd of nearly 1,000 aloha-shirted fans waited anxiously under a sickle moon until 9 o'clock on the last evening to see who had won. It was a big guys vs. little guys confrontation in which the little guys won (finally), and a simultaneous Hometown vs. Outlanders battle that ultimately went to the furriners (drat).

Oddly enough, the winning team included both little guys and furriners. Victory went to Jim Conway's crew from Portland, Ore., who fished from a 19-foot "mosquito boat," using the lightest line permissible in the tournament—50-pound test—and employing a strategy of tough fighting that proved superior to the tactics of the local Hawaiian teams which placed second, third and fourth. Conway, a sporting goods dealer who has his own hunting and fishing television show in Portland, took advantage of a tournament rule that gives double the poundage points for fish taken on 50-pound line.

All week long, fishing from an unstable platform and catching their own live bait (mainly small bonito), Conway's team consistently piled up marlin in a manner that more experienced tournament fishermen said could not work. On the final evening, just half an hour before the tournament's end, the Oregonians hooked up their last fish—a 158-pounder—and fought it well into the dark. Not a truly large fish, it nonetheless gave them a total of 1,355 points, nearly 100 more than the second-place Anaehoomalu Bay Trolling Club, the third-place Kona Mauka Trollers, and the fourth-place contenders from the Honolulu-based Ala Moana Sportsman's Club (which had won the first two H.I.B.T.s). Conway's untiring wife, Pat, helped considerably by nailing a 146-pound marlin at midweek, fighting the fish upright and without the aid of a shoulder harness.

But even before the first hook-up, a

continued



One marlin won't win a meet, but it stirred up billfishermen Dave Gittins and Bob Rodgers.

It wasn't a record, but Pat Conway's marlin helped her and her husband (at right) to win.

heady mood of anticipation ran through Kailua like the omnipresent mongoose. A few weeks earlier, practically on the eve of the tournament, a Honolulu charter captain had boated a 1,805-pound marlin—not just the largest billfish ever caught in waters around Hawaii, but the largest taken anywhere on rod and reel. It exceeded the existing world record of 1,560 pounds by the weight of a better-than-average marlin.

But the big fish was not and never will be a record. Cornelius Choy, the skipper, is not a record hunter. A canny, cost-conscious, commercial pro, Choy prefers to keep his tackle intact, and will not let his customers set the hook when a strike occurs (thus obviating International Game Fish Association recognition). It also means that he loses less leader and expensive lures and gear than other captains. But even if Choy had let his party handle the whole fight themselves, it is doubtful that the fish could have been landed. The anglers were three California car salesmen and their wives who, among them, had caught just one fish previously—a trout about the size of the *truite meunière* at Chez Pierre.

Sharing pump time on the rod, and with Choy hacking down furiously, the trio brought the fish to gaff in 45 minutes—a blink of the eye compared to the half-day battles that it has sometimes taken to boat earlier billfish records. Was it a plastic marlin, a blowup billfish planted for publicity? No, sir. The reason that the fight was so short was that the big marlin had a 150-pound Allison's tuna in its throat when it hit Choy's Kona-head lure. Ethically, at least, the fish died of greed, but Choy's friends, and even his competitive enemies, agree that it probably died of suffocation as it tried to regurgitate the tuna which blocked its gill intakes. All Choy had to do was back down on the fish and let his clients crank the reel handle. Even at that, Choy handlined the fish into the gaff at the end, a maneuver which disqualified him even further for any possible record.

Nonetheless, the simple fact that a short ton of marlin had been caught in Hawaiian waters was enough to set all of H.I.B.T.'s contestants on edge. Even the bearded, headed longhairs who have lately infested the Kona coast were talking about Big Boy. "Man," said one of them with a wide-eyed flop of his locks, "they musta spiked that tuna with acid before they stuffed it down the marlin's throat. Why else would he have copped out so quick?" In bars and hotels from Waimea to Captain Cook, late-drinking billfishermen raised rummy toasts to Big Boy and promised to search out and hook up with his Big Mama—female marlin being considerably larger than the males.

No one did, of course. The largest fish of the tournament tipped the scales at 538 pounds, which was 271 short of the H.I.B.T. record set by Jim Kimberly of West Palm Beach in 1966. Still, the overall catch of 95 marlin (plus 14 Allison's tuna, maximum weight 204 pounds) broke a tournament record. The previous high was 63 fish in 1967. So if marlin are the stuff that dreams and fishcakes are made of, plenty of mini-dreams came true.

Take the case of Team 69. Its captain, Bob Rodgers, 47, is a hard-drinking Honolulu machinist, the grandson of a Portuguese whaler and the owner of a minuscule 25-foot Bertram inboard-outboard called *Osprey*. The boat bare-



This was Big Boy, 1,805 pounds of non-record fish that spurred on the Hawaiian tournament.

ly made it through the high seas that separate Oahu from the Kona coast over 190 battering miles. Bob's wife, Dottie, also 47, is an ebullient, amber-eyed swinger with a weakness for dogs (two toy Pomeranians and a mammoth Dane-German shepherd mix named Alii Akaika, or Strong Chieftain) and 8 a.m. cocktails. The Rodgers' crew consisted of one strong-armed young man, Dave Gittins, who had worked on many a charter boat but had never caught a marlin in his life. None of the H.I.B.T. regulars thought much of Team 69—they drank too much, laughed too much, and, what the hell, nobody even knew them.

On the first day of the tournament, when 72 other team boats surged past the Coast Guard cutter *Cape Small* under the arc of a red flare, *Osprey* was still tied to the wharf. Later that day, Team 69 failed to hook up or boat a fish. Tournament rules require each team to report its strikes, hookups and fish three times a day, but all Bob Rodgers could report was "*puka, puka, puka*," which, in Hawaiian pidgin, means zip, zip, zip. That night it rained hard, but Team 69 was too zonked out with the beer and the bouncing waves to notice.

Next morning, when the red flare dropped, Team 69 was ready. "I'm going to try *Zone Lima*," said Rodgers, "because my grandfather's name was Lima. What the hell, there's fish—big billfish—everywhere along here. Trolling these Kona-head lures, you got as good a chance of hooking up a big one as anyone else. With live bait, or just skipping a dead bait, you might get the smaller marlin, but then again you might get a shark, or both." Half a dozen beers later, Rodgers abandoned *Zone Lima* (an outside reach of purple water south of Kailua) and headed for *Zone Uniform 1*, an area marked by broad, black lava flows from a local 1963 volcanic eruption. Radio reports indicated a dozen strikes in *Uniform 1*. "By-hy Gramps," said Rodgers. "We gotta go where the action is." And it was. Shortly before 3 p.m., the port reel—a 16 0 Penn Senator named Ernie—went *zizzzzzz*. Then it went zizzinnnnggggg. Gittins piled onto the rod just as the marlin made its first bill-waving jump. Dottie, who was at the wheel, slammed the engine all ahead flank and whooped like a Comanche. Rodgers cranked in the four other lines, simultaneously it seemed. "Keep your cool, keep your cool!" he bellowed, more to himself than anyone else. "Somebody soak a paper towel for Dave's head when he gets sweaty; somebody get the flying gaff. Somebody get me a beer. No, let's wait on that."

Fifteen minutes later the marlin was aboard—a short but broad-shouldered 185-pound fish that died in living color with the gaff through its eye socket. The tip of its bill broke off when Rodgers and Gittins wedged it into the narrow-beamed well-deck. "Oh, phoo," yelled Dottie, "that'll disqualify us." "No it won't," said Rodgers. He was shaking with excitement, his ruddy eyeballs filling with tears. "It can't and it won't." Then he vomited over the side. A short time later, Dottie went topless. Gittins watched and smiled. "Wow," he said. "My first marlin."

Though the mini-dream of Team 69 came true, the maxi-dream of one Peter Goadby did not. In fact it became something of a nightmare. Peter Goadby, 41, is a tall, strong, gray, and very human Australian, a total fisherman who once held the world record on tiger shark (360 pounds, "but that was back in the days of linen lines"). He is one of the few anglers—only 60 have ever turned the trick—to boat a marlin of more than 1,000 pounds. In 1968, he took a 1,137-pound black marlin on the Great Barrier Reef, the smaller of a pair which had followed up his lures. Ostensibly a sales manager for Union Carbide's ocean systems division, Goadby actually is Super Angler. If anyone really could have caught Choy's 1,805-pounder, it should have been Peter Goadby.

No fisherman in the tournament was better prepared than Goadby. His faded plaid fishing shirt was leached to just the right degree of pallidity; his sunglasses and cap were tied down with just the right lengths of 30-pound monofilament. His hand-built lures—polished with Macleans toothpaste to a high, clear gloss—covered all the stops in the spectrum of marlin-enticing colors. His vessel, the *Kathuloa*, a 36-footer out of the Maalaea Boat & Fishing Club of Maui, was piloted by none other than Charles M. Cooke III, that crew-cut, kindly, eminently fishwise old salt who for years held the world's bonefish record and who helped to develop the Kona coast into one of the world's hottest big-marlin grounds. If anyone was set to catch Big Mama, it had to be Goadby.

But by the last day of the tournament, Peter had caught one *mahimahi* and his team had lost five marlin. As he trolled his big Kona-heads past the lava flows—"Use big hooks for big fish"—Goadby turned philosophical. "There's a sign down in Panama that reads, 'Eternal vigilance is the price of marlin.' You have to be ready, you have to concentrate all the time. Nobody knows the exact moment when the big fish is going to come, in a tournament or wherever. That's the luck part, but afterwards one must be ready."

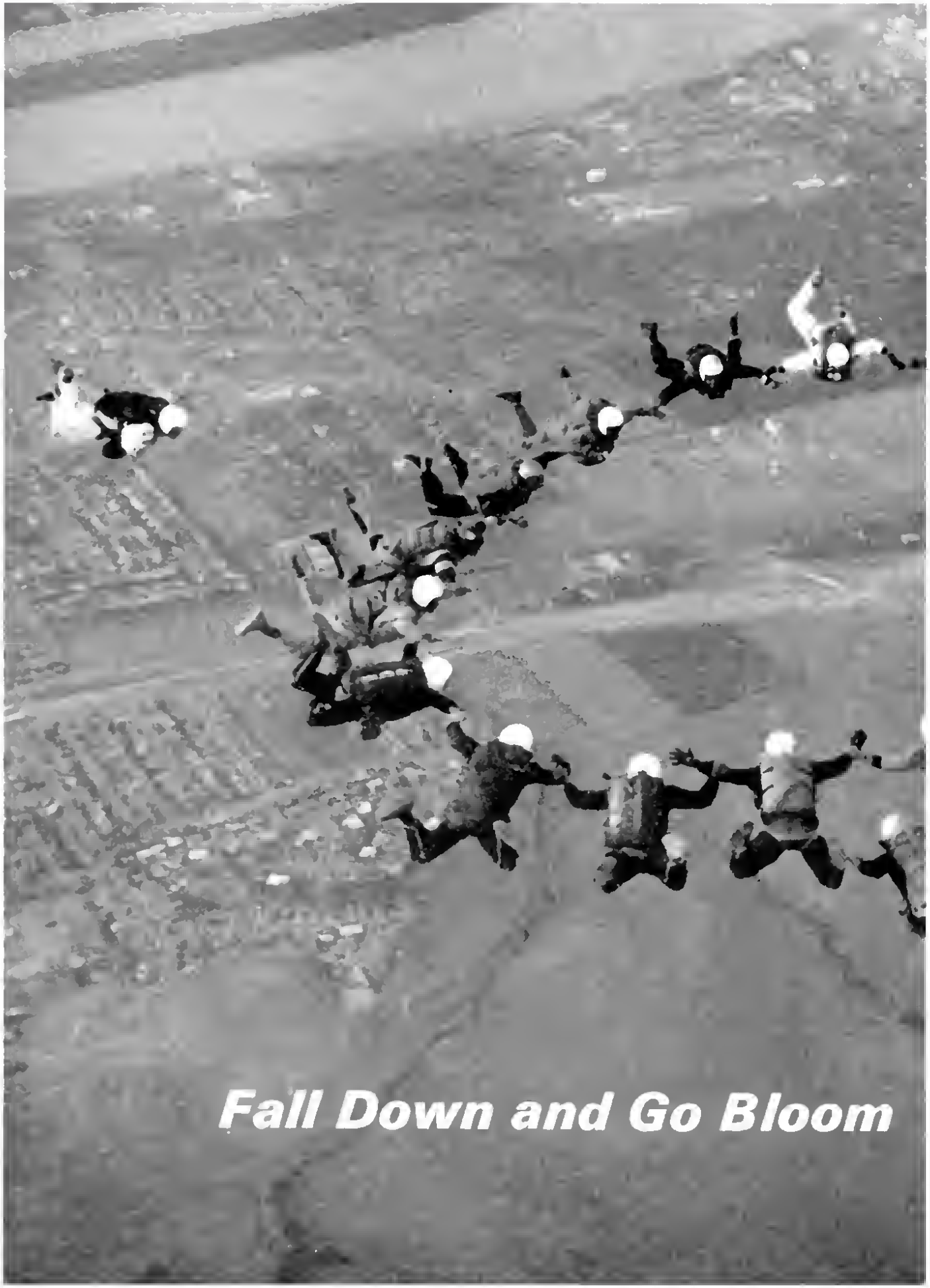
There were two strikes during the day, but neither hooked up. "On the first day," Peter mused after one of the failures, "I had a 200-pounder right up to the boat. Just as it was dying, belly up, it slipped the hook and sank. Nothing we could do but watch. It's been that kind of a week."

An hour before the tournament's end, Charlie Cooke spotted a school of *Aku*—oceanic bonito—working a school of bait just outboard of the Kona Hilton. "Let's get some live bait," said Peter. Only three quarters of an hour of competition remained as Goadby coolly hooked up the 10-pound *Aku* and began skipping it for his honor-saving marlin.

The minutes ticked past like seconds, and the sky grew darker under the umbrella of clouds that builds up over the high island in the afternoon. Goadby's pale fingers played on the heavy monofilament like a man fingering a subtle guitar. "Billfishermen! billfishermen! billfishermen! One minute till stop fishing," came the radio voice of Longnose, the tournament moderator. Goadby sat in dead silence, his fingers the only moving thing about him. Then Longnose said: "Stop fishing." Peter did.

"Well," he said as he unhooked the now-dead *Aku*, "I've had my luck. I've caught a 1,000-pound marlin and some people have fished all their lives with that end in mind, and never caught one. Others have fished only once or twice and caught the fish I still dream about. They think it's an easy game, I suppose."

And there it was: The stuff that dreams and fishcakes are made of. **END**


Fall Down and Go Bloom



Blossoming into a giant flower, 23 intrepid skydivers locked hands in a great circle over the San Francisco Bay Area this summer and claimed a world record for formation jumping. The divers, who call their pastime "relative work," began relating at 13,500 feet when they bailed out of three small, close-flying aircraft at five-second intervals. The earliest flattened out to slow their descent, the last dove head first at 180 mph to catch up at 4,500. They held together for five seconds (about 1,000 feet) as two barely missed widening the circle of friends, two more went astray and Photographer Ray Cottingham—who jumped, too—snapped away with a camera mounted on his helmet. Remarkably, all 23 landed softly within a few hundred feet of each other in a ~~ungarded~~ plowed field.

A GAME THAT GETS



A GOOD MAN DOWN

These are the shoes of Joe Namath, which are nice to be in if you are making Westerns in Rome with groovy little chicks (see cover), but not so nice if you are playing football against large, ill-tempered men, like the ones butting into the scenes on the following pages. These painful moments are from what one quarterback has called "the secondary nightmare"; the primary nightmare is interceptions. In each of these cases Namath has been racked up after throwing a pass—at right by the Chargers' Pete Barnes. There is little a quarterback can do at times like these except roll with the tackle; note his assailant's number so the blocking can be adjusted; brood about getting into a more soothing profession or, best yet, about hitting the owner up for more bread.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL IWASAKI

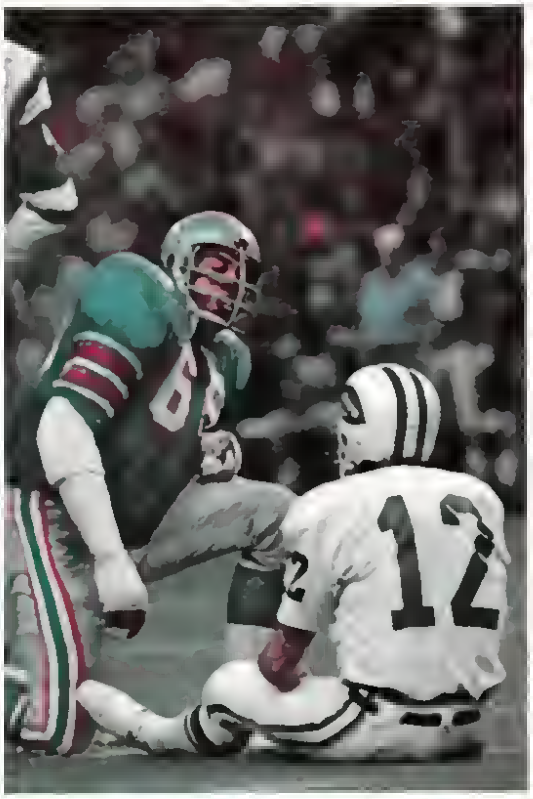

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BARNES
59

NAMATH
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Denver Tackle Dave Costa drapes his 265 pounds on Namath (above) in the Broncos' 21–19 upset of the Jets, a game in which Joe Willie was repeatedly dropped, once so hard he required the ministrations of Team Physician Dr. James Nicholas (far left). Nor did Kansas City show mercy in its semifinal playoff win, Namath receiving succor from an official (left) and then a mighty forearm smash by 6'7", 287-pound Buck Buchanan (right).







◐iler End Elvin Bethea seems to be hugely amused at having deposited Namath on the seat o' his pants, while Dolphin Ends Manuel Fernandez (75) and Jim Riley apparently congratulate each other on a successful pincers movement.

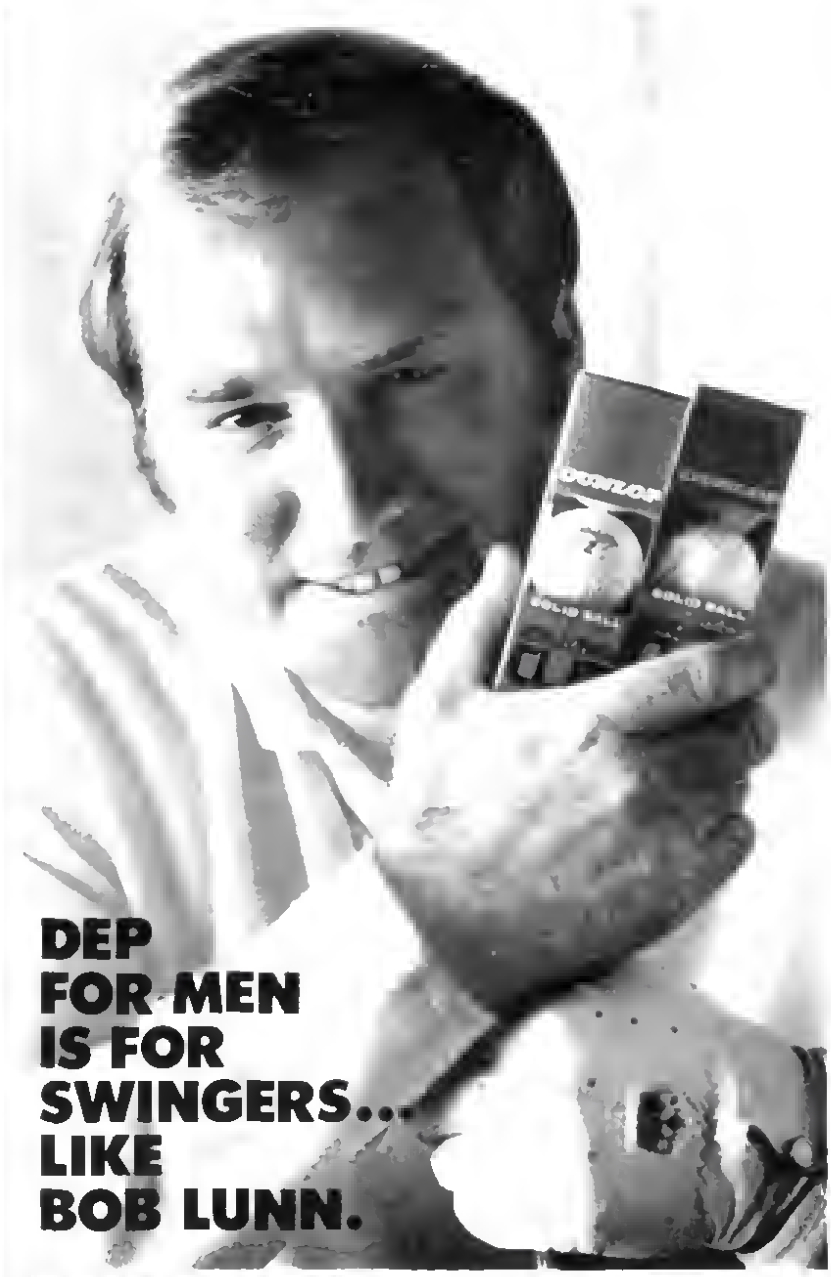




Rich Jackson, the Denver end who is known as Tombstone, prepares to bury Namath under 225 pounds (left). Above, 282-pound Buffalo Tackle Jim Dunaway, having broken through the Jet defenders, gathers Namath in a cold embrace.



The long, painful season over, Namath leaves the Shea Stadium field in a cloud of dust, the Jets having lost to the Chiefs 13–6 in the semifinal playoff game



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Pitching is just another diverting challenge to Sudden Sam McDowell, who marches not only to his own drummer, but to a different one every day ***by PAT JORDAN***

SAM OF 1,000 WAYS

A small boy of about 10 was trying to bounce a bat off the rubber floor of the Cleveland Indians' dugout and catch it as it bounced back. He missed repeatedly. To his right, out on the playing field, the Indians were taking batting practice while the Oakland A's played pepper in front of their dugout.

"Hey, Moon," called Alvin Dark from behind the batting cage. "Weren't you supposed to pitch today?"

Oakland Pitcher Johnny (Blue Moon) Odom looked up from his pepper game and said to the Indians' manager, "Supposed to, Alvin. But I wasn't feelin' too good today." He grimaced and massaged his right shoulder.

"Jeez, that's too bad, Moon," said Dark with an evil little grin. "Sudden will be very disappointed. You know, I was saving Sudden just for you today."

"I appreciate that," said Odom, "but I guess I'd rather pitch tomorrow."

"But we ain't playing tomorrow."

"I'd still rather pitch tomorrow," said Odom, and players on both clubs broke into laughter.

"Sudden" is the nickname of the Cleveland Indians' 27-year-old left-handed pitcher, Sam McDowell. He was given the name by opposing batters who, when asked to describe how his fastball approached the plate, invariably replied, "All of a sudden, man, all of a sudden!" Ever since, McDowell has been signing autographs, shirts, photographs, gloves, baseballs and just about anything but checks "Sudden Sam."

Early this year McDowell fired his sudden pitch past 15 Chicago White Sox batters in eight innings. He lost the game 2-1. When Blue Moon Odom heard of McDowell's feat, he shook his head in disbelief and said, "Man, if I had Sudden's stuff I'd win 25 games every year."

In his six-plus years of major-league pitching, however, Sudden Sam McDowell has yet to win 25 games. Nor has he even won 20 games. Endowed with what many American League hitters call "the best stuff in baseball," McDowell has managed records like 17-11, 13-15 and 15-14. His most wins came in 1969, when he finished 18-14. His career record is 105-86 although, admittedly, he has never played with very good teams at Cleveland. But then again, neither did Robin Roberts when he was winning 20 games all those years for the Phillies—and Roberts never had "the best stuff in baseball."

It has been said that McDowell possesses a talent even greater than the best stuff—the talent to refuse his greatness. Like a character from an Ayn Rand novel, he has discovered that he has the kind of awesome impact that stills all motion in its wake—only McDowell does not know why all motion is stilled in his wake and, furthermore, he could not care less. He seems to be afraid that if he let his talent flower to fulfillment, he might cease to possess it and it, in turn, would possess him. So he treats it like some unruly growth he must periodically prune before it becomes too unmanageable. As a result of this attitude there is more bravado than confidence in Cleveland toward McDowell's present success, which finds him with a 16-6 record, 2.63 ERA and more strikeouts than anybody in the majors. This bravado seems to conceal beneath its surface two questions: "Lord, when will he screw up this time?" and "Why won't the son of a bitch just be great?"

Before a recent game against the A's, McDowell came down the darkened runway into the sun-drenched Cleveland dugout, where he emerged like some monstrous pinstriped polar bear awakening from a winter's hibernation. He stands 6' 5", weighs 220 pounds and has a natural snarl to his lips. On this day he also had a heavy sandy stubble growing over his large square jaw.

"I never shave on days I pitch," he said in a deep, understated growl. "I try to look extra mean on those days. It helps me get batters out." He also does not talk to fans, sign autographs or pose for pictures on those days.

When McDowell saw the young boy bouncing the bat off the dugout floor he walked up behind him, reached over his head and snatched the bat in mid-air. The boy whirled around, looking up and up and up into that unshaven shadowed face in terror.

"Watch this," said McDowell. He bounced the bat handle on the floor, caught it as it sprang back, flipped it over his shoulder, let it slide down his back, pulled it through his legs, bounced it once more off the floor and then executed a perfect pirouette before catching the bat on the rebound.

"Wow, Sudden, how d'ya ever learn that?" asked the boy.

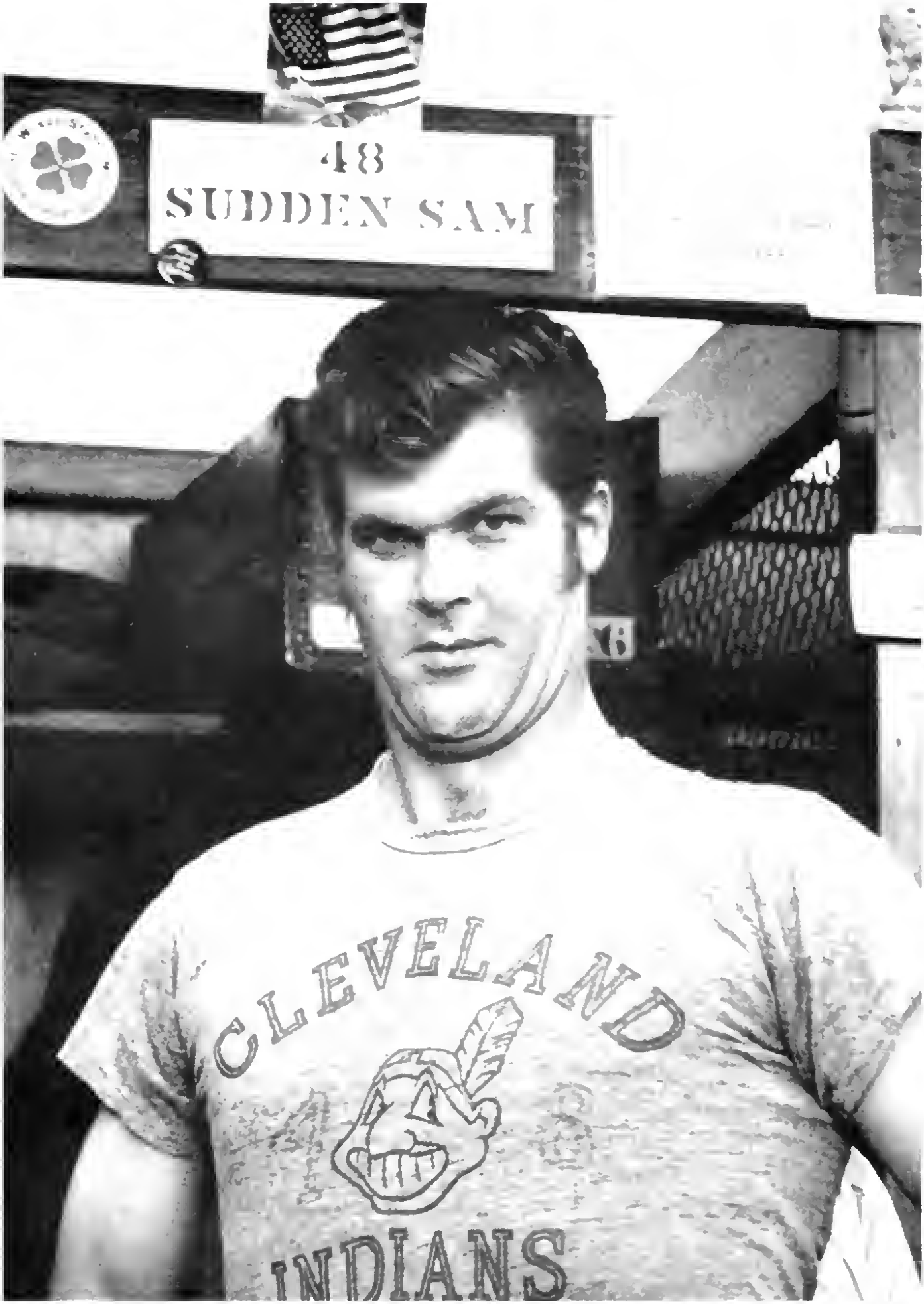
"Easy," said McDowell, the corners of his eyes crinkling slightly. "I practice every time I hit a home run."

"Will ya teach me?" said the boy.

"I can't right now," said McDowell, and he navigated three steps in one leap. "I have to go practice. The World's Greatest Drag Bunt." And he did.

McDowell claims he is the second best hitter on the Cleveland club, so he sees no sense in practicing his hitting when he could be spending his time more valuably by practicing his drag bunt. In keeping with his character, McDowell says, "The only thing I get satisfaction from is accomplishing something I'm not supposed to be able to do. I live for challenges, and once I overcome them I have to go on to something new." But the possibility of achieving a goal and the actuality of doing it are one and the same thing to him. To his mind the possibility that he *could* be the greatest pitcher

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SUDDEN SAM
CLEVELAND
INDIANS

is the same thing as *being* the greatest pitcher. Therefore, why should he bother to prove it? This is precisely why McDowell never has had a won-lost record to match his ability. He knows he has shown time and again that at a given moment he can outpitch anybody else in baseball—aside from Sandy Koufax he is the only pitcher ever to average more than nine strikeouts per game—therefore he feels he is naturally the best pitcher in baseball. Right? Wrong. Wrong to most people maybe, but not wrong to McDowell. Like a genius, McDowell does not judge his accomplishments by conventional standards. His challenges—and their eventual resolution—are very private affairs.

When McDowell walked to the warm-up mound in the right-field corner before the Oakland game, fans came running from every part of Municipal Stadium to watch. He did not warm up like most pitchers, soft-tossing 40 feet from the catcher as if trying to prolong the inevitable trek back to 60 feet 6 inches, where one's deficiencies become glaringly evident. McDowell began throwing 80 feet from his catcher, and almost from his first pitch the ball was swallowed into the catcher's mitt with a reverberating crack. Even when McDowell throws his first curveball he does not cautiously spin it up to the plate in a lazy arc "just to get the spin right." Instead, he fires it with such force and snap that it collapses at the plate like a mallard shot on the wing. By the time McDowell finally works down to 60 feet 6 inches it sounds as if there is a small thunderstorm in the Cleveland bullpen.

It is obvious that McDowell takes great delight in watching his pitches behave, even when he is only warming up. In point of fact, he admits that often he concentrates so much on perfecting individual pitches that he loses sight of any larger picture—a victory, for instance. "I try to break things down to their simplest element," McDowell says, "and sometimes I guess I do it to an extreme. For instance, a game to me is just a series of individual challenges—me against Reggie Jackson or me against Don Mincher. If I find I can get a guy out with a fastball, it takes all the challenge away, so next time I throw him all curveballs. If I don't have a challenge I create one. It makes the game more interesting."

Reggie Jackson says of McDowell: "Now don't get me wrong. I like Sudden and I think he's got the greatest fastball, curveball, slider and changeup I ever saw. I call him 'Instant Heat.' But still, I don't mind facing him—and that's not because I hit him so easy, either. Because I don't. It's just that Sudden simplifies things out there. He makes it like it used to be when we were kids. You know, he's gonna challenge you, his strength against yours, and either you beat him or he beats you. And if you do beat him with a home run or something, hell, it don't bother him that much. He's not greedy. He lets you have a little, too. And he won't throw at you, either, because he's too nice a guy. He knows that with his fastball he could kill you if he ever hit you.

"You see, baseball's still a game to Sudden, the way it should be to all of us. That's why I love to watch him pitch—because I know he's enjoying himself so much. Do you know he's got 12 different moves to first base? That's a fact. When he was going for his 1,500th strikeout he was trying so hard he fell down on a pitch to me. I loved that. That's why I look forward to facing him, even if I don't hit him a hell of a lot. As a matter of fact, I think he'd be tougher if he had less ability. Sounds crazy, huh? But it's true. Sudden's just got too much stuff."

Alvin Dark agrees that it is possible, but he refuses to admit that it is specifically true of his ace lefthander. As a matter of fact, Dark refuses to admit much of anything about McDowell, handling all such questions with the same dread that little girls treat the offer of candy from strange old men.

"Some guys, you break them down pitch by pitch," says Dark, "and they should be 20-game winners. But when you add them all together again, the best they do is 15-18 wins. Something's missing. I don't know what. Just something. Now I'm not saying that's the case with Sudden. I'm just saying that's the way it is with *some* guys."

Most members of the Cleveland press and front office would not be so ambiguous as Dark. They definitely think there is something missing from McDowell that has prevented him from achieving the greatness they have been predicting for him for the past decade.

When McDowell was first brought to Cleveland in 1961 he was a scrawny 18-year-old rookie with a blazing fastball, a $65,000 bonus and a reputation for eccentricity. The fans, the press and the front office immediately hailed him as "the new Bob Feller" and waited impatiently for him to fulfill his potential. He didn't. He either failed or refused to play the roles everyone else had defined for him. He was not sober and dignified like Feller. Nor did he win games like Feller or Early Wynn or Mike Garcia or Bob Lemon.

At first it was hard for fans to understand how a pitcher with McDowell's stuff never seemed to be as good as the sum of his parts. When it became apparent that this was the case, though, they reacted with a bitterness that culminated in the remarks of a Cleveland sportscaster who said that Sam McDowell would never be anything more than a second-rate pitcher because "he has a million-dollar arm and a 10¢ head."

Although most people did not agree with the tone of that remark, they did agree with its substance, and Cleveland fans began to resign themselves to the fact that McDowell would never equal his potential. At least this made life easier for everyone involved. The fans grew to love him (they voted him Man of the Decade recently), the writers no longer badgered him and the front office treated him like some likable mischievous child who finds it impossible to take much of anything in life too seriously. Even McDowell seems to do his best to foster this view of himself, although it is not quite clear whether he does it by accident or on purpose.

The day after the Oakland game McDowell stood in his underwear in front of his locker, dressing slowly. "Hoot, did I ever tell you the one about the *Kamikaze* pilot?" he said. Hoot Evers, then a Tribe coach and the man who helped sign McDowell out of high school, looked up from his newspaper.

"No, Sudden, you never did."

"Well, this *Kamikaze* pilot was the ace of the squad because he made 12 successful missions," said McDowell.

"I see," said Evers, shaking his head, and he went back to reading his paper.

"Sudden, did you see this in the paper?" Dean Chance walked over to McDowell and handed him a newspaper which he began to read as Chance talked.

"What the hell am I gonna do?" said Chance in mock panic. "My financial

adviser, Denny McLain, is $400,000 in debt."

Sam finished the paper and handed it back to Chance. "Why don't you call him in Detroit and ask him the odds on tonight's game?" said McDowell very seriously.

"Maybe I will," said Chance with a grin, "maybe I will."

"Call him collect," added McDowell. "Tell Denny I said he wouldn't mind."

McDowell finished dressing and was about to go out on the field, where he plays second base during batting practice. (Dark used him at second one game this year. "I could be a great second baseman," McDowell has said.) Cy Buynak, the Tribe's stubby little clubhouse man, came over and demanded to know why McDowell hadn't listed his telephone number on a form Cy needed. McDowell told him he didn't know his telephone number.

"What do you mean you don't know your telephone number?" said Cy, hands on hips, indignant. "How could you not know your own number?"

"I just don't know it," said McDowell sheepishly.

"That's impossible. Everybody knows their telephone number How you gonna call your wife in case of an emergency?"

"I never thought of that," said McDowell. Cy slapped his forehead and walked away muttering to himself. There was a thin smile on McDowell's lips, and it wasn't until much later that he told Cy he had just moved and his phone hadn't been installed yet.

When I first interviewed Sam one day in spring training some years ago," says John Fitzgerald of WJW-TV, "he told me Birdie Tebbetts [the manager] wasn't pitching him because he didn't like him. I figured I had a scoop until Tebbetts told me the reason he wasn't pitching Sam was because he had a sore arm. After that I never knew how to take Sam. Then, recently, I met his father. He had that same devilish twinkle in his eyes Sam has, and finally it dawned on me that all these years Sam's been putting us all on and we never knew it."

At various times in his career McDowell has told interviewers that strikeouts mean nothing to him and that his biggest thrill was his 1,500th strikeout; that he never loses his temper and that he got so angry at an umpire once that he threw the ball into the upper deck at Baltimore; that records mean nothing to him and that the reason he signed with Cleveland was to break all of Feller's strikeout records; that he takes pitching too casually and that he worries too much about pitching; that he could never throw at a batter and that he would throw at his mother if she ever dug in against him; and, finally, that baseball means nothing to him and that baseball means everything to him.

"I like to give everybody what they want," says McDowell with a grin. "I used to worry about what the writers wrote. I would be real cooperative with them—take them to my house for dinner and everything. Then I realized that they wrote what they wanted to no matter what I said or did. They had their stories already fixed in their minds before they even talked to me. So I decided to make it easier for them by saying whatever they wanted."

Fitzgerald, who admits that he has affection for McDowell, doesn't think this is the only reason he is so ready with a quip. "I think Sam was hurt by the bad publicity he got early in his career. People expected too much from him. So he decided to hide behind all those contradictory statements so no one would be able to discover who he was and hurt him again. He's just a big kid, really, who's afraid of being hurt—that's all."

As further proof that McDowell is just a big kid in the guise of a talented giant, Fitzgerald cites his numerous hobbies. In his spare time The World's Greatest Drag Bunter manages to collect and build guns, construct model boats inside bottles, train German shepherds, shoot pocket billiards and paint still lifes. At first glance these interests seem to be haphazard, the interests of a man without direction, but they do have two things in common. Each one can be worked at in solitude and McDowell can view each one as a personal challenge isolated from the approval of anyone but himself.

For instance, as a painter of still lifes, McDowell admits he has one small problem. "I try to make my painting more perfect than the thing itself. As a result, people often don't recognize what my painting is supposed to represent."

Besides his hobbies McDowell also owns a pizza parlor and a pool hall. "I don't allow any gambling or swearing in my pool hall," he says very seriously. "There's usually lots of families there." Both are located near his present off-season home in Monroeville, Pa., which he describes as "a small exclusive suburb of Pittsburgh." He is also a salesman for Holiday Magic, "the organic cosmetics." "I took a correspondence course in salesmanship," he says. "It taught me how to sell myself. That's very important, you know. Now, whenever I speak at a high school, I always tell the kids they can be whatever they want. No one can stop them."

When McDowell goes on road trips with his team he carries so much baggage (adding machines, paints, gunsmith tools, etc.) that he has to room alone. "There wouldn't be room for anyone else," he says. "I always bring my stuff with me because I don't like to go out of my hotel when we're in town. For instance, New York scares me to death. I just eat downstairs in the hotel and then go back to my room to fool with my hobbies or watch television."

Many people who predicted greater success for him than McDowell has achieved are bothered by his numerous hobbies and interests. It is not the hobbies so much that annoy them but the fact that McDowell treats the hobbies with the same interest he does his baseball ability. It annoys people that he refuses to treat his pitching skills with any more reverence than he does his ability to shoot pool or build guns. This is the kind of annoyance that uncomprehending, untalented people often feel toward a talented person who they think treats a natural gift carelessly.

The reason McDowell takes as much interest in his hobbies as he does in pitching is that he views life as nothing more than a series of isolated challenges, none of which is any greater or any less than the others. Baseball is a part of his life, just as guns and pool are, and McDowell refuses to make it all of his life as some people demand. But few people ever achieve greatness in one field until they are able to divorce themselves from everything else but their profession.

"To be a great pitcher or anything," says Herb Score, "you have to give up a lot. Some guys just don't want to make the sacrifice. They'd rather do great now and then than be great permanently."

Writers and managers have been particularly annoyed with McDowell's refusal to devote his life entirely to base-

continued

ball. Writers tried to pressure him into greatness with bitter articles, while managers have tried different tactics.

"When I caught Sam a few years ago," says Duke Sims, now an outfielder with the Indians, "Joe Adcock decided to call all of his pitches from the bench. In Anaheim one night Sam had super stuff, but Adcock kept getting him in trouble. Finally, Adcock loaded the bases in the sixth inning, and when I turned to the dugout for the next sign he turned his back on me. He made Sam get out of it himself. I think Sam eventually lost that game."

"Managers are mostly ex-hitters," says McDowell, "and they seldom have any respect for pitchers. They don't understand that all pitchers are unique and have to be handled differently. Most managers think pitchers are dumb because we like to do our own thing. Yet we couldn't be too dumb because every year they're changing the rules of baseball to make life easier for the hitters." The reason McDowell is critical of managers is because they have tried to tailor him to their dimensions. "They want to prostitute me for their own benefit," McDowell says matter-of-factly.

When McDowell was a young boy his father, Thomas McDowell, a steel-mill inspector and former Pitt quarterback who rarely played, decided his son should be a baseball player. At the time Sam was equally proficient in baseball, basketball and football and didn't want to confine his energies to one sport. "I would have liked to go to college to become a quarterback," McDowell says, but his father was adamant. When one day Sam skipped baseball practice to play a little football his father was furious. "I never skipped practice again," says Sam. "But still, I never really wanted to be a baseball player like most kids. I'd just as easily have been a teacher or some other 9 to 5 job. There's no certainty to baseball. I'd like the certainty of a 9 to 5 job. But my father saw I had the talent, so he forced me into it. But I never thought I was that good at it, anyway. When I was ready to sign, all the clubs were promising to send me right to the majors. I was terrified of that so I signed with the Indians on the promise they'd send me as low as possible, to Class D ball. Even when I made the majors I never thought I was that good. I used to start every game with the hope I just wouldn't embarrass myself out there. I've always felt that I was forced into the majors before I was ready. Even now, no matter how great people say I am, I'll never believe it.

"What's bothered me most about people all these years is how much they've demanded of me. No matter what I do, they want more. It's never enough. They seem to be envious of my talent, although I never thought I was so gifted like everybody says. Once in a while I work with crippled children, and I think they're the ones who are really lucky. They've got a gift I'll never hope to have. . . . You know, someday I'll write my autobiography. When I do, I'm going to title it one of two things. Either *Mediocrity Can Be Great* or *You CAN Fool All the People All the Time*." END



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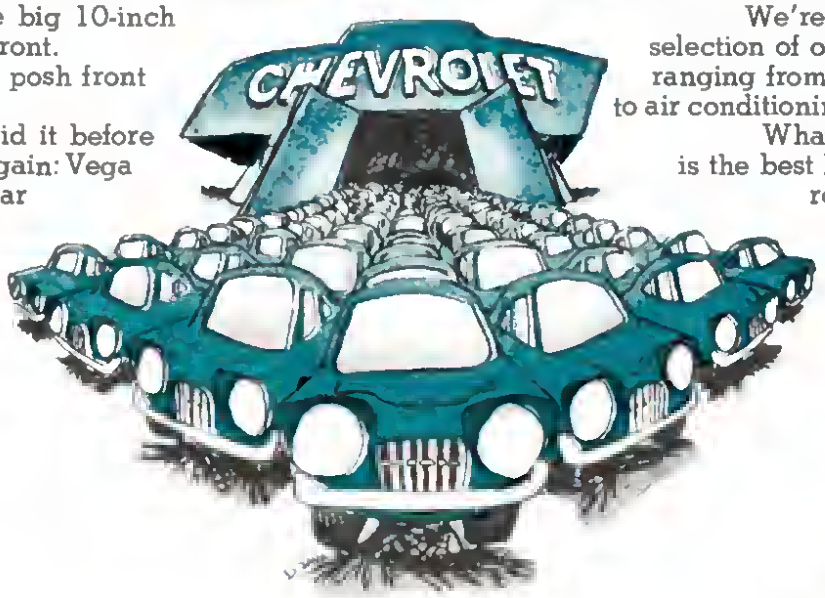
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THE MATTER OF INDIAN GIVING

A holy lake of the Pueblos has become a symbol of America, maybe doing right—or once again doing wrong—by her Indians ***by EDWIN SHRAKE***



In the United States Senate this week the Subcommittee on Indian Affairs, headed by George McGovern, is debating whether to return 48,000 acres of beautiful, sacred land to the Indians of the Taos, N. Mex., pueblo. This measure has already passed the House twice, yet it is being blocked in the Senate. In the last month President Nixon and Interior Secretary Walter Hickel have been moved to its support, and Kim Agnew, the 14-year-old daughter of the nation's most quoted phrasemaker, has ridden horseback into the mountains and danced to chants and drums to show how she feels about it.

To most Anglos, even sensitive ones, one mountain is pretty much the same as any other mountain, and a pond is a place to swim in or yank fish out of. The idea of feeling reverence for a mountain lake to the point of making it a site of religious worship seems nonsense to many who have never lived where water is scarce.

But the watershed that comes down from Blue Lake on the eastern slope of Wheeler Peak, the highest place in New Mexico, has sustained the inhabitants of the Taos pueblo for at least 1,300 years, and probably for much longer. To these people everything that grows or gives life is sacred. There is a belief among these Indians that life originated at Blue Lake, that the Old Ones, the first of their tribe, arose from its waters. To ancient migrating people the rich green valley of Valdez, watered by the Hondo River, and the high plateau of Taos, fed by Lucero Creek and the Rio Pueblo de Taos, must have seemed a paradise. Dominant over the valley and the plateau are the Taos Mountains, with Wheeler Peak as their Olympus, often shining with snow and thrusting

BRILLIANTLY BLUE, the lake, just 500 by 1,000 feet, sits high in the Taos Mountains.

into the clouds. Far off to the south stand the dark humps of the Pecos Mountains, and to the west, across the Rio Grande gorge and desert, continually shifting in colors, are the Ortega Mountains, visible from 80 miles away.

Not only the Indians perceive a magical quality to the place. Several small communities of religious mystics have settled in Taos County, erected adobe houses and tepees, planted vegetable gardens and entered meditation, seeking to discover the Indian ways. The mystics suggest, quite seriously, that Blue Lake is one of seven energy nodes in the world, one of the earth's five magnetic concentrations, hence a source of great strength. Brooks Morris Jr., a classical musician and maker of hand-carved furniture, lives in a house among bunches of flowers on the rim of the plateau overlooking the desert and the valley. "If you live a party life and stay distracted, you could be here for years and never know why the place has a hold on you," he says. "But if you sit quietly for a while until the city has washed out of your senses, you will begin to understand that this is a profoundly spiritual place." For whatever reason Blue Lake is a shrine.

The story of what the Taos Pueblo Indians have gone through in an attempt to cling to their Blue Lake watershed is of sufficient emotional appeal to lead President Nixon in a message to Congress last month to call it "an issue of unique and critical importance." Both the Spanish and Mexican governments recognized the Indians' right to use Blue Lake. The Indians built their first pueblo in the area around 700 A.D. and occupied pit houses there much earlier. In the 18th century the King of Spain, whose flag had been carried in by Coronado, granted five miles square of land to the Indians, primarily to separate them from the Spaniards against whom they had fought a bloody revolt. That grant did not include Blue Lake but did take in what is now the town of Taos. Presumably the Indians thought their isolated shrine would be safe. Then, in 1906, six years before New Mexico became a state, the U.S. Government put Blue Lake into the Carson National Forest, thus in effect taking control of it. The Indians have been trying to get the lake back and protect their land rights ever since.

Until 1918 the Indians used the good grass at the top of Blue Lake watershed on the east as summer pasture. That year, in a letter that is one of the few documents the Indians have retained, the Forest Service asked the Pueblos' permission to issue, just for one year, permits on the best 9,000 acres of the watershed to non-Indian stockmen to graze beef for the war effort. The Indians agreed to this—and have never been able to use this pasture since. White stockmen continue to run animals on the 9,000 acres, and even if the current bill passes the Senate the Indians will be forced to buy the grazing rights from these stockmen.

At a meeting of the Pueblo Lands Board in 1926 the Indians offered to trade their land-grant to part of the town of Taos, which was being occupied by Anglos and Mexicans, for Blue Lake. Instead, the board recognized the titles of the Anglos and Mexicans who had settled in Taos. Then, in 1940, Congress granted the Indians "free and exclusive" use of most of the Blue Lake watershed for 50 years, but this did not stop Federal and state authorities from stocking several sacred lakes in the Indians' private preserve with trout, cutting trails and urging tourism. In 1965 the Indian Claims Commission upheld the Taos Pueblos' claim to "aboriginal title" to Blue Lake and conceded its religious significance. Despite the 1940 exclusive-use agreement the Indians must still go armed into the mountains, they say, to intimidate loggers and occasional tourists, who have been known to leave the banks of Blue Lake strewn with bean cans and hot-dog wrappers—the equivalent of throwing trash on an altar.

All of this is not an unusual tale in the annals of the mistreatment of Indians, but the fact of its happening in Taos has helped to attract attention. The town has been noted as a haven for beards, long hair and eccentric behavior since Kit Carson and other mountain men made it their headquarters about 1860. By the turn of the century Taos was an artists' colony. Author and painter D. H. Lawrence lived there in the 1920s. His ranch house is a private museum. The southern approach to town has become an American bad dream of root-beer stands, drive-ins and curio shops. There is a constant traffic jam along the south road and around the plaza. But there are still many craft shops, art galleries and studios hidden on narrow roads, and Indian men wrapped in blankets lean on parking meters, watching the tourists. To the north the essential beauty of Taos remains.

About four years ago several communes were set up in the area, some for religious purposes, others for what has been called "psychedelic farming." Last year thousands of hippies fled San Francisco, New York and Chicago, having

continued



WELCOMING SUPPORT from Washington, the tribe greets Kim Agnew, the Vice-President's daughter, who visited the lake (*below*) with Pueblo Tribal Leader Cruz Trujillo.



heard Taos was the place to be. They met hostility from Anglo and Chicano residents, found that the Indians did not automatically regard them as brothers and were eventually turned away by the communes.

The Taos area now has four ski resorts which bring in swarms of winter people. Fishermen and hunters arrive, as well as tourists when the snows have melted. With not enough land to support the tribe and its livestock, including a herd of 25 buffalo, the Indians have been squeezed into an ever-smaller space and forced to sell jewelry and blankets to survive. They revolted against the U.S. in 1847, killed the territorial governor and saw their own mission church at the pueblo blasted apart by artillery. Angered by encroachment on their land, they nearly fought back again in 1910. A few years ago a mounted party of 40 warriors with rifles and shotguns was ready to ride against the loggers before being talked out of it. Every male over the age of 15 in the pueblo reportedly has a rifle and ammunition. But the Indians have continued to search for a peaceful solution despite frustrating behavior in Washington.

Which is why the visit of Kim Agnew last month has given them further hope. Miss Agnew, a shy, pretty girl, rode with a dozen Indians and a dozen policemen, newsmen and advisers, one of whom was Len Garment, the Nixon counselor, up to Blue Lake from the Red River side of the mountain. The lake, which gets its name from the intensity with which it reflects the sky, is at 11,500 feet. Storms are often encountered en route while the valley below is sunny. Miss Agnew sat gasping on a rock, her head down, understandably stricken by the altitude, while it was discussed whether to try to fly her down in a helicopter. But she rode back on a horse to finish the 10-hour journey. When the Indians go up to Blue Lake they usually leave from their pueblo, a round trip of 46 miles. Their secret ceremonies up there last three days, and two more days are required for traveling. In the course of the Blue Lake watershed are some 60 Indian shrines, of which Garment said he recognized only Blue Lake. "Even some people in the Forest Service say there are no shrines up there," says John Yaple, an adopted member of a Taos Pueblo family and curator of the M. A. Rogers Foundation and Museum near Taos. "They're looking for man-made structures. But every source of water is a shrine—no need for a building around it. The Indians don't think they can improve on the work of God." Later in a speech at the pueblo Garment did refer to Blue Lake as "a sacred tabernacle" and confessed to being "deeply impressed" by the Indians' refusal to accept money for their Blue Lake claim. "A spiritual vision cannot be compensated by money," said Garment.

With the Taos Mountains rearing abruptly behind the dun-colored pueblos on a bright, crisp day and the clear Rio Pueblo de Taos flowing between the adobe buildings, Miss Agnew presented Pueblo Governor Querino Romero, 64, with a silver-headed cane from Nixon. He replied with a speech in Tiwa, the Indian language. She danced in a circle with men carrying eagle feathers and corn rattles and women wearing buckskin, long silk dresses and bright blankets. Bells chinked, bone whistles tooted, chanters and drummers kept up a hypnotic tempo. New Mexico Governor David Cargo said, "At long last we are keeping faith." Louis R. Bruce, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, called it "a day of justice." But Garment admitted he is not especially confident the Blue Lake measure will reach the floor of the Senate. The one man influential enough to push the bill through and return the Indian land is Clinton Anderson, senior Senator from New Mexico. As Secretary of Agriculture under Truman, he was once chief of the Forest Service. But Anderson is backing an alternate bill that will give the Indians exclusive use of 1,640 acres surrounding Blue Lake and require them to submit to "restricted entry" by non-Indians in the rest of the watershed.

There are about 1,000 Indians living in the Taos pueblo now and another 500 have gone out to find work in the white man's world. Most of the exiles have formed nontribal groups with other Indians in the cities to study the old ways. "The educated ones have experienced white society and made up their minds they don't want it," Yaple says. "They prefer their own religion, which is nature—not to waste anything in nature, not to harm anything unnecessarily. They understand the relationship between nature and the spirit. The white man is beginning to see that, too, and he calls it ecology, but it will take him a long time." When an Anglo turns his tap and what comes gushing out of the spigot is brown and smelly, that is when he is reminded, as the Indians have always remembered, that water is the source of life. END

THE OTHER SIDE

Those opposed to deeding Blue Lake outright to the Indians argue with fervor that the Pueblos never held legal title to the area, hence this is not a matter of "returning" 48,000 acres. Since the time of the Spaniards the contested land has been in the public domain. Additionally, and more important, the present bill would establish a precedent of making land, instead of that more traditional currency, cash, the basis of settlements with Indians. Other tribes, it is contended, could demand the return of much of Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon and the San Francisco Peaks—to mention just a few national glories—as religious shrines, which indeed they once were.

The government recognizes what it calls the "aboriginal title" of Indian tribes to lands they once occupied, and it is on this basis that it pays them for land the U.S. took from them, but aboriginal title is in no way regarded as the equivalent of legal title to the land. Indians claim aboriginal title to 90% of the U.S.

Opponents of the House bill declare that the Pueblos, under the terms of the 1940 agreement giving the tribe exclusive use of the area for 50 years, already control the Blue Lake region as if they owned it, with the exception of grazing rights. The Forest Service supervises the grazing, it is claimed, simply because the Indians have a history of overgrazing this land and misuse causes erosion and floods downriver, damaging other farmers' property.

Since 1957, tribal officials have cosigned every permit issued for entry into the area, and these passes are given infrequently. Non-Indians without permits admittedly have ventured into the land, but by and large, in the past 20 years, the prohibition has been well-enforced. Lumbering, camping and fishing by outsiders is outlawed. Young Pueblos, however, have been known to smuggle in anglers, charging them $1 a day to fish in the sacred places.

The move to cede Blue Lake is principally, the opposition says, nothing more than expiation by Americans for their guilt feelings for treatment of Indians in the past.



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• **Connie Robinson** was safe at third because **Brooks** let her on so that he would be safe at *home*. And that is pretty much the way it went in the Orioles' game against their wives. First, the regular Birds all batted wrong-handed while the birds batted straight; then, the base umpires were all Baltimore female TV personalities. And finally, the girls brought in ringers to catch and pitch. So what happened? Naturally, the Orioles swarmed out of the dugout to protest and lost the game for refusing to clear the field. The ladies won 9-0 (they had been ahead 12-0), and then the Orioles played their regular game against the Red Sox. They won 5-2.

This is the month the horsy society sets up at Saratoga Springs, that leafy old New York hideaway. **Governor Nelson Rockefeller** and wife **Happy** dropped in on the **John Hay Whitneys**, and they all went off to the Tchaikovsky concert at the Performing Arts Center. The governor presented Conductor **Eugene Ormandy** and the Philadelphia orchestra with some gifts for their joint 70th birthdays, then napped through the final strains of Symphony No. 5 in E Minor. But even this refreshed, he had little time for the horses. And no time at all for questions about just how New York plans to manage its new off-track betting system. Or even when it will start to try.

A few pro football rookies around the country got to feeling pretty cocky during the strike, and in Thousand Oaks, Calif., the general giddiness led a bunch of young Cowboys to start baiting a good-looking man seated at a local bar with a young lady. Their target took it for a while and then got up and left, whereupon the triumphant rookies tried to move in on the girl. She was a trifle puzzled. "What's the matter with you guys?" she inquired. "Don't you know **Craig Morton**?" They didn't, and they had better hope Morton didn't know them.

And over on football's other coast, Colt Tackles **Bob Vogel** and **Fred Miller** also have been getting in some work on the old pigskin, noteworthy in this case because the skin in question is still on the pig. The boys own a hog farm in a Baltimore suburb and have discovered that by the time a pig reaches, oh, 250 pounds or so, it can be a mean opponent. "You should have seen Fred going one-on-one against a big fella," Vogel observed. "The pig put on a couple of head fakes, and before we knew it he was through Fred's legs and away. I yelled, 'Hey, Fred, how are you going to catch Sayers this year?' "

♦ Jockey **Donal Bowcut** is out every day working horses from 6 a.m. until midmorning, and then he's off to The Thing—The Thing being (you give up, right?) Bowcut's leather-and-suede shop in Harpers Ferry, W. Va. There he and his wife make jazzy leather clothes for fans knocked out by the ones Bowcut has made for years for himself. "Naturally," the jockey says, "I don't want to make clothes just like mine, because I want to look individual." But he makes things sort of like his—working strictly by hand and using only, he says, "outside stitches. Jockeys never have inside stitches on their pants because the stitches would wear out so rapidly." To say nothing of the jockeys.

If a man is going to live at No. 10 Downing Street, he should have a boat to fit the address, right? So, having moved in, new British **Prime Minister Edward Heath** is now trading up: he's thinking of getting rid of that old $16,800 sloop and having a new yacht built. Something suitable for about $48,000.

"I didn't know which window to go to," said **Godfrey Cambridge** of his first visit to a racetrack, Chicago's Arlington Park. So he stood in the *show* line for a while, but that one was too long, and he tried the *place* window, because that one didn't have a line. Then, "I asked the clerk if it mattered which window I bet at," he said. "The clerk figured I was a kook and said 'no,' so I bet *place*. But it did matter. That old horse finished *show*, and I could have collected $300 if I'd stayed in the first line. I hate sports."

♦



Grandest Sporting Gesture of the week:

Queen Elizabeth has given up her role as protector and owner of whales and sturgeon, making it legal at last to catch the things without Crown consent. It was an old 1297 law that everybody had royally ignored anyway. Let 'em eat caviar.

On to the Sporting Revenge of the Week:

Guard **Billy Keller** spent two basketball seasons at Purdue in **Rick Mount**'s shadow, and he may find himself back there again when Mount joins the Indiana Pacers this fall. But meanwhile, it was Keller who rolled home first to Mount's third in the Oil Can Derby, a special exhibition race run before the annual Soap Box Derby at Indianapolis. "My car wanted to go to the right all the time," whimpered Mount, to which Keller replied heartlessly, "You just couldn't drive it, that's all."

Everybody knows **Pamela Ann Eldred**, the current Miss America, but do they know that all this time she has been harboring an unsuspected interest in athletes? "**Joe Namath** doesn't do a thing for me," she says. Joe who? Well, how about **Al Kaline**. "He's my favorite, a man, not just an athlete." Then she really likes **Dave Hill's** "snippiness," and as for hockey's **Derek Sanderson**: "I'd like to meet him. He intrigues me. Anybody as bad as they say he is fascinates me. He's so bad he's good." And as Sanderson might well say, Pamela — who?



St. Jovite, Quebec, August 2—American Motors' Javelin beats Mustang, Challenger and Camaro in the Le Circuit Trans Am.

Mark down Mark Donohue and Javelin as a winning combination.

They've collaborated on 3 victories out of the last 4 Trans Ams.

The most recent was consummated with ease.

Donohue finished over one minute ahead of the second place Mustang driven by George Follmer.

Parnelli Jones, in a Mustang, was third. Sam Posey, in a Challenger, was fourth.

And Peter Revson, in a Javelin, finished fifth.

In overall points Mustang leads with 56. We've got 43 and Camaro's got 30.

But we're closing in. And Watkins Glen awaits.

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To improve an Alou, age him

Rafael Trujillo, the former strongman in the Dominican Republic, at one time would not allow Felipe Alou to leave the country and sign a professional contract with the Giants. Not unlike another Caribbean dictator, Trujillo knew a good baseball player when he saw him. It was only after Alou led the Dominican Republic to the baseball gold medal in the Pan-American Games of 1955 that Trujillo revised his export policies and lifted his embargo not only on Felipe but all ball-playing Alous. Matty and Jesus soon followed their brother to the United States, where each came up with the Giants and each flared into stardom as he passed his 27th birthday.

It is the Giants' misfortune that they did not discover this latter quirk in the Alou nature early enough. Felipe enjoyed his first superb season with San Francisco when he was 27, hitting .316 with 98 RBIs and 25 home runs. The Giants, however, failed to recognize this as a precedent or to realize that a little patience yields big rewards from an Alou. They traded Matty to Pittsburgh just before he turned 27. In six seasons with San Francisco he had hit .263. In his first year with the Pirates he won the batting title with a .342 average. He has batted over .330 during his four years at Pittsburgh, including last season when he chopped 231 hits.

Even though Jesus was always considered the Alou with the greatest potential, the Giants lost patience with him earlier than with the rest. He was dealt to Houston when he was a mere 25. After batting .248 for the Astros a year ago, Jesus turned 27 in March and this season has become the third .300 hitter in the family. With seven hits in a doubleheader last Sunday, he has increased his average to .321.

"My brothers became really good players when they were about my age. I would like to think I am at that point, too," said the youngest Alou, who falls halfway between his two brothers in both personality and power. Talkative Felipe could hit his 200th major league homer by the end of this season while shy Matty, who is the master of the downward swing that sends low liners and high bouncers scattering into the outfield, has only 17 for his career.

If Jesus' post-27 play continues in a pattern with his brothers, the Alous could become the best hitting family in baseball history. They already have 3,793 hits among them, putting them in range of the three DiMaggios (4,853) and the five Delahantys (4,217) for career hits, and even within a long shot of matching Lloyd and Paul Waner, who hold the record for hits by a family, 5,611. And none of the Alous shows signs of weakening. Felipe is hitting .286 for Oakland this year while Matty, after a slow start, is just under .300 but coming on strong for the Pirates. Life, as the old Dominican saying goes, begins at 27.

THE WEEK

NL EAST PITTSBURGH opened a 3½-game lead over NEW YORK with an unusual display of the Mets' own strength—tight pitching. Five consecutive Pirate starters pitched complete games, and four of them were surprises, indeed. Bob Veale, who had lost seven of his previous eight decisions, began the string and was followed by Luke Walker, usually a relief pitcher, who threw a shutout. Another reliever, Bruce Dal Canton, pitched his second complete game in the major leagues. Then Bob Moose, who recently missed a month with a sore elbow, capped his recovery with a four-hitter over the Mets. Ace Pitchers Ferguson Jenkins and Bill Hands both failed to hold early leads against the Phillies, and CHICAGO dropped six games behind the Pirates. Even worse, Billy Williams, who holds the National League record for consecutive games played at 1,094, wanted to get a rest. "I don't want to wear myself out before I should. I want to live to be able to do something after this game," said Williams. "I want to get this streak over with so I don't have to worry about it anymore, so I can get a rest once in a while just like any other ballplayer." ST. LOUIS, enjoying its hottest streak of the season by winning 10 of its last 12 games, received a defensive boost from usually weak fielding Richie Allen, who preserved a 2–1 victory over the Expos for Bob Gibson with a diving grab of Rusty Staub's hard grounder in the ninth inning with the winning run in scoring position. Tony Taylor ended a five-game losing streak for PHILADELPHIA with a two-run, eighth-inning single, and gave all the credit to his wife's cooking for his improved hitting. Nelda Taylor feeds her husband platefuls of avocados, rice and beans. "I never eat Wheaties," said the Cuban, whose .283 average is second best during his 12-year major league career. "I eat the food my wife cooks, Cuban food." Bob Bailey hit a home run in both of MONTREAL's wins, and the Expos closed out their most successful home stand ever. The Canadian team, which was the pleasant surprise among the expansion franchises last season when it drew 1,212,608, packed almost 300,000 fans into little Jarry Park over the most recent 13 home dates. The crowds put the year's attendance just short of one million with the Expos still scheduled for 25 more games at home. If record-shattering summer temperatures continue to help the improved team draw Habitants, the Expos could surpass 1,500,000 for the season.

PITT 64-30 NY 58-32 CHI 38-38
ST L 33-30 PHIL 32-60 MONT 42-38

NL WEST CINCINNATI has yet to hold a clubhouse meeting this season, and Manager Sparky Anderson was not about to change that when the Reds showed up in LOS ANGELES last week for a series with the Dodgers, who hoped for a sweep to climb back into contention. "You just let them play. They have the talent," says the low-key Anderson. The unbriefed Reds promptly went out and killed off the Dodgers with two straight victories. Lee May's bases-loaded double in the eighth inning, capping a rally that began when Bobby Tolan saw nine pitches before stroking a single, won the opener. "Tolan was my undoing," said Dodgers' starter Joe Moeller, who had held the Reds to one run through seven innings. "He fouled off so many pitches that it seemed like he was up there an hour. That takes a lot out of you. I threw 40 pitches in the inning, and most of them were to Tolan. I believe at one point I gave him three fastballs, then a slider, then three more fastballs. Then he singled to right field." Tony Perez, who had been in a slump since the All-Star Game, came alive with two home runs and six RBIs in the Reds' 10–5 triumph the next evening. SAN FRANCISCO moved up to third place as Willie McCovey smashed three home runs

Juan Marichal pitched his third consecutive complete-game victory. Sweetest of all for Giant fans and Manager Charlie Fox, who replaced the fired Clyde King early in the season, their team won four games in a row over the Reds and Dodgers. After the winning streak, Giant Owner Horace Stoneham announced that Fox had been hired through the 1971 season. Stoneham claimed that the winning string had nothing to do with his decision and added, "Fox has shown us that he can make a club work together. Our pitching has improved, and we're playing as well as any other team in the majors." "I'd been in my hotel room all day shivering and sweating," said ATLANTA's Ron Reed. It turned out that HOUSTON should have been the one with the shakes. Even bogged by a severe cold, Reed was sharp enough to pitch a 3-1 win over the Astros for his first complete game this year. Clay Kirby pitched two of SAN DIEGO's three victories but was still complaining because he lost shutouts in the late innings of both starts. "I guess I'll never get one," said Kirby, who is only 22 years old.

CINC 77-36 LA 63-49 SF 65-67
ATL 54 58 HOUS 51-63 SD 45 66

AL EAST

The pressure should be off in BALTIMORE, now that the Orioles lead by 9½ games, but apparently the management agrees with Top Value that there are other ways to prod a runner. In front of 16,680 fans Pitcher Jim Palmer was offered 100,000 trading stamps last week if he pitched a no-hitter. Palmer had just set the Red Sox down in order in the first inning when he heard over the PA, "For a no-hitter, the pitcher will receive 100,000 stamps." "I was thinking about it," said Palmer after the game. "Not for myself, for my wife. She's the mercenary member of the family. Then, when Reggie Smith got a hit in the fourth, I wondered if they had anything for a shutout." They did, and Palmer raked in 30,000 stamps, 25,000 for his 3-0 victory and 5,000 for hitting a single. NEW YORK and DETROIT battled for second place and the Yankees won the three-game series by a smudge, or, more accurately, reworking of the old shoe-polish play. With the score tied 1-1 in the deciding third game, Tiger Pitcher Les Cain bounced a curveball past his catcher, Bill Freehan, and the Yanks' Ron White scored the winning run from third. No, argued Freehan, taking what is usually the batting team's side of the argument. Freehan pointed to shoe polish on the ball and contended that the batter had been hit and should be awarded first and that White should be returned to third. Umpire Marty Springstead did not take a shine to Freehan's exquisite logic, deciding that what polish had rubbed off on the ball had started the day on Freehan's shoes. He allowed the run to stand. BOSTON, where the Red Sox were still little better than .500, was buzzing with trade rumors which claimed that even home-grown hero Tony Conigliaro would be sent elsewhere. CLEVELAND's young Indians closed in to challenge the Red Sox for fourth with a big boost from old hand Chuck Hinton. His two-run, ninth-inning pinch homer beat his old team WASHINGTON 4-2 and brought the Indians within a game of fourth.

BALT 71-42 NY 61-51 DET 60 52
BOS 55-64 CLEV 56-56 WASH 51-62

AL WEST

"I feel comfortable but never secure," said MINNESOTA Manager Bill Rigney as his team took three close games against its top challengers, CALIFORNIA and OAKLAND, to open a nine-game lead. George Mitterwald won the first game 2-1 with a 14th-inning homer, and Jim Holt backed Jim Perry, who went all the way, with an 11th-inning clout for another 2-1 win. It was Perry's 17th victory. The next day Rich Reese hit a two-run home run to give Luis Tiant his first win since May. The score was 3-1. While the Athletics stopped hitting—they went seven consecutive games without getting more than six hits in any one of them—some of the Angels stopped talking to each other. At least, that was the case in relations between Manager Lefty Phillips and sore-armed starter Andy Messersmith. Messersmith, who returned to the major leagues after a 10-day stop in the minors, pitched seven innings, allowing no runs and only five hits in his first start and then left the game. "We aren't communicating," explained Phillips afterward. "I didn't take him out of the game. I heard him say, 'that's all,' and get up and go into the clubhouse." While the Twins were settling into their life of insecure comfort at the top of the division, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO and MILWAUKEE were secure in the knowledge that they owned the cellar. The Brewers, who began the week in a tie for fourth place, came out the decided losers. Dropping four of five games to the Royals and White Sox, they momentarily fell to sixth place and ran their record against the coexpansionist Royals to 2-9 for the year. KC's rookie shortstop, Rich Severson, provided most of the hitting as his team defeated the Brewers in both halves of a doubleheader. With two men on base in the first game, he crashed his first major league home run to give the Royals' Bob Johnson all the batting help he needed for a shutout victory. In the second game Severson went four for four and the Royals won 10-2. The White Sox, briefly moved for a pleasant interlude up from the basement to fifth place by winning four games in a week for only the second time this year. Tommy John picked up the first Sox win with a 2-1 complete game victory. John, who had a 5-12 won-lost record at one point last month, improved his mark to 10-13 with the help of Syd O'Brien's home run.

MINN 69-40 CAL 64-46 OAK 63-50
KC 42-71 MIL 42-73 CHI 42-74

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GOLF / *Mark Mulvoy*



British bombers downed by U.S. spitfires

Even the booming drives of Irishwoman Mary McKenna couldn't get the Curtis Cup away from the Yanks

Now that Tony Jacklin of England has won the U.S. Open, everybody on the British Isles thinks he can beat the ruddy Yanks at golf. Last week the Great Britain and Ireland team came to Boston for the biennial Curtis Cup matches against the best lady amateurs in the U.S., well infused with Jacklin aggressiveness and prepared, as they said, "to play one more Tony on the Yanks."

"Tony told us that we have been good losers in golf for too long," said Dinah Oxley, the comely 21-year-old English national champion. "We've won the cup only twice in 15 tries, and every time we lost they called us good losers. I do think we'd prefer to be called bad winners, if that need be."

The competition appeared to be a mismatch when the cup players convened on the first tee of the Brae Burn Country Club. Attired in the sort of outfits favored by American meter maids, the British-Irish team looked, for the most part, like late draft choices of the Boston Patriots. Mary McKenna of Dublin checked in at 5' 10" and, as she said, "12 stone" (168 pounds). Most of the others looked equally strong. The American girls, on the other hand, were dressed smartly in red blazers and white dresses and mostly looked like Girl Scouts trying to win a golfing merit badge. Some of the Yanks, particularly Nancy Hager, 17, and Jane Bastanchury, 22, could barely see over the top of their golf bags.

If this decisive victory in the tale-of-tape competition inspired the British and Irish girls, then their great hopes soon were deflated on a symbolic level. First of all there was no green-orange-and-white Irish flag to hoist alongside the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack at the opening ceremonies. "The same thing happened when they had the cup matches here in 1958," said Sean Donlon of the Irish consulate in Boston. "This time I brought an Irish flag with me, and it's in the trunk of my car. I sort of hope they'll ask me for it." The next day they did.

Then a member of the British delegation discovered that the Union Jack was hanging upside down. "You know," she told an official of the U.S. Golf Association, "when the flag hangs upside down it's supposed to be a mark of distress." In that case both the British and the Irish flags should have been hanging upside down last week, for the foreigners were in distress most of the time at Brae Burn. The American girls, who were often outhit by as much as 50 and 60 yards off the tee and who were hitting fairway woods when their rivals were hitting medium irons, played meticulously around the greens and won the Curtis Cup for the sixth straight time by a score of 11½-6½.

For a time during the first day's play (Scotch foursomes in the morning, singles matches in the afternoon) it looked as though the visitors were taking Tony seriously. Miss Oxley and Miss McKenna won a 4-and-2 victory over Shelley Hamlin and Miss Bastanchury, supposedly the strongest U.S. pair. Then Mary Everard and Julia Greenhalgh defeated Cynthia Hill and Janey Fassinger 5 and 3, and the invaders took a 2-1 lead into the singles. "I warned all of you that this was not our usual Curtis Cup group," said Jeanne Bisgood, the British-Irish team captain. The Americans also were impressed, particularly with Miss McKenna.

"She's probably the longest hitter in women's golf," said Shelley Hamlin. Or, as Dinah Oxley said, "How many Americans knew there was another Jack Nicklaus playing golf in Ireland?" Miss McKenna, 20, used a two-wood off the tee and still hit her drives between 260 and 280 yards. "I've been playing for just six years," she said. "Recently I've been playing every day, though, because I work for a bank in Dublin and the banks are on strike. What scares me is that I've been writing checks like mad, and when I go back to work I'm going to have a pretty good overdraft."

Miss McKenna had not realized that Boston was like a suburb of Dublin until some people in the gallery started talking to her in Gaelic. "Is everybody in Boston Irish—or does it just seem that way?" she asked some Boston writers. The writers—two Monahans, an O'Hara, a Looney, a Fitzgerald and a Concannon—laughed.

Miss McKenna then returned to the golf course and beat Tish Preuss 4 and 2 in the singles, winning five straight

continued



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holes on the back nine, including the 470-yard par-5 13th, where she reached the green with a two-wood and a two-iron and barely missed her putt for an eagle. But three of her teammates lost their matches, while Mrs. Belle Robertson and Miss Hamlin played even and, with only one match still on the course—Julia Greenhalgh against Mrs. Alice Dye—the U.S. had taken a 4½–3½ lead.

Mrs. Dye, called Old Folks and Senior Citizen by her teammates—some of whom have dated her sons—was two down and struggling after 15 holes, and it appeared that the two teams would finish the first day tied at 4½ points. "Suddenly I had a large gallery filled with USGA officials and all the players, and then I realized how important my match must be," Mrs. Dye said. She promptly won the 16th and 17th holes to halve the match. On 18 she had a three-foot putt for a win after Miss Greenhalgh hit over the green and made bogey. Her husband, golf architect Pete Dye, commented, "She's got about as much chance of missing it as man does walking backward to the moon." She hit it into the back of the cup, and the U.S. led by two points.

After winning two and halving the third Scotch foursome match Saturday morning, the Yanks were ahead 8–4, needing only a victory and a half in the final singles matches to retain the cup. "All this is so bloody frustrating," Dinah Oxley said. "I really don't think it means that much to the American girls. This is the only one that matters to us, you know. We just want to be one up on the Americans. Doesn't everybody?"

When Jane Bastanchury defeated Ann Irvin 4 and 3 the U.S. was assured of at least a tie. Out on the course, though, the other foreigners were more than holding their own, and for a time it appeared that they might make a great comeback. The key match suddenly was between Miss Oxley and Miss Hamlin, who were even after 16 holes. Shelley, who maintains a grinning Howdy Doody face while she plays—something that irritates her rivals—then won the 17th hole to go one up. On 18, assured of at least half a point the U.S. needed to win, Shelley was on the green in three, about 40 feet from the hole, while Miss Oxley was 25 feet away in two.

Miss Hamlin stood over her putt, then unexpectedly reached down and picked up the ball. "It moved," she explained to Dinah. "I concede the hole. You know, I was going to hole the putt."

Miss Oxley was insulted. "I was going to hole my putt, too," she said. "For a birdie." Later, Dinah was still incensed. "First of all it was so difficult to play someone with such an inane smile," she said, "and then the girl becomes a hero because her ball moved. Why, she was going to lose the hole anyway. But now everybody says, 'Poor Shelley, what a tough break.' It's all a bloody shame."

At last. The British have learned how to lose poorly. **END**



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BOXING / *Martin Kane*

Salute the grand old flag-raiser George F.

Every aspiring heavyweight's ideal opponent, George Chuvalo, is aging at 32, enduring under punishment and just about washed up as a prizefighter. It took Joe Frazier a mere four rounds to stop him three years ago. It took George Foreman only three last week to halt this block of a man who never has been knocked off his feet, whose battered face records the history of his 14 years as a fighter, whose wife wrings her hands at the very thought of his getting into a ring again.



FOREMAN TOOK GEORGE C. IN THREE

Blood dribbling from his mouth, his eyes glazed and his hands only half-raised in a futile pretense at defense, Chuvalo stood in his corner and seemed about to go down with every punch that Foreman threw—every one of them delivered with all the power that this 21-year-old Olympic champion, idol of the hard hats, could put into them. The power was there, no question about it, but it was opposed by Chuvalo's singular talent, his ability to absorb punishment.

The beginning of the end came a minute into the third round, when Foreman crashed his left fist against Chuvalo's chin. It seemed for a moment that the Canadian must go down and, indeed, the seat of his royal-blue velvet trunks did touch the ropes for an instant. Unlike many young fighters, Foreman did not step back to admire the effect of his work. He followed the hook instantly with a succession of rights and lefts that drove Chuvalo's helpless hulk reeling about the ring. The young fighter was landing punches at the rate of almost one a second, and he kept the fusillade going for a full 40 seconds. Then, with Chuvalo's manager, Irving Ungerman, mounting the ring steps, intent on ending the slaughter, Referee Arthur Mercante stepped between the two men and signaled that it was all over. The time was 1:41.

Even the first two rounds had already established that George Foreman, who first came to international fame by winning a gold medal at Mexico City and flaunting a tiny American flag rather than a black-gloved fist, is vastly improved over his amateur and early professional days. With Dick Sadler as tutor, Foreman has lost much of the awkwardness that goes with being a converted southpaw. He has a reach commensurate with his height of 6'4", and he uses it to deliver a jab that is full of authority. He hooks well, too, as Chuvalo now knows. It was the reach, though, that foiled Chuvalo's fight plan. "I figured to stay in close to smother the jab," Chuvalo explained. It couldn't work though, because Foreman kept his short-armed opponent out of range.

Afterward, Madison Square Garden boxing officials let out the word that they planned to pit Foreman against Jerry Quarry, that other, younger trial horse, on Oct. 23. Manager Sadler was not committing himself, though. "We're a long ways from being a journeyman fighter," he said, employing the pugilistic "we." "He and I will sit down and evaluate our position. If it requires to fight Quarry to get a shot at the title, then we will fight Quarry."

Certainly, Foreman must now leap into the ranks of the top 10 challengers for Joe Frazier's championship. However, he is, just the same, far from being ready for Frazier. Sadler's problem is to keep his charge from being knocked out of contention during the year or two that Foreman must put in studying for his master's degree. The climb to the top becomes most perilous at the very end.

"He's good, really good," Chuvalo says. "Right now he's probably too much for just anybody who's around today—any of the contenders. But he's a long ways from being ready for Joe Frazier. Perhaps a year and a half of fighting steadily would do it. It's amazing for a young fighter, a guy who's been in the ring for a couple of years, to have his poise. He's really confident, and he takes command from the go. You can feel it when you're in the ring with him—his concentration and intensity. Those are qualities that are hard to develop. A fighter has it or he doesn't. That's the real plus for Foreman. Technically, he makes too many mistakes. But so far the pressure he puts on with that stiff left hand allows him to get away with it. George Foreman's no fancy technician, but he's a hell of a fighter, and maybe that's enough."

The consensus in the boxing ranks is that a good counterpuncher (Quarry has the tools but not the cool, a trainer says) would try to take advantage of Foreman's fault of dropping his left after jabbing. Well, it is a fault that Joe Louis had and learned to correct after the first Max Schmeling fight.

His other faults, and they are not so glaring as they were in earlier appearances, can be corrected, too. He has not yet learned to slip a jab—but then, Chuvalo is no great jabber, so Foreman did not need that move against the Canadian. Also, he does not yet know how to move backward away from a charging opponent, which means that he can get caught against the ropes or in a corner.

Foreman's chief deficiencies, in other

words, are in the area of defense. There is nothing much wrong with his offensive style. Chuvalo professed to have no great regard for him as a puncher, but Chuvalo never has been known to admit that any punch hurt him. Foreman's punching is, in fact, quite respectable. After all, 19 of his 22 opponents have been knocked out.

The morning after the fight, Foreman, dressed in gray slacks and a short-sleeved jersey, came down to breakfast in the hotel coffee shop. The only mark of the previous night's violent action was a slight bruise under his right eye. Across the aisle from him sat Jimmy Ellis, ranked by the World Boxing Association as the No. 2 heavyweight contender.

Foreman was asked why, in the first round, he had flung Chuvalo across the ring. He only grinned and rolled his head about in imitation of Chuvalo's favorite punch—a butt. "The man's tough," he said. "You can't take chances with old George. That's why I was happy to have him out of there early."

Foreman was more interested, however, in chatting with Jimmy Ellis than in discussing the events of the previous night. Ellis has a sleek and affluent look about him now, a look that George Foreman aspires to but cannot yet afford. He was to be paid a guarantee of $17,500 for fighting Chuvalo, whose cut was $50,000—out of a gate of $107,085 that the crowd of 12,526 paid. So there was a bit of money coming to George, with much more in prospect, and he was beginning to dream of ways to spend it—ways that might yet give him the Jimmy Ellis look.

Jimmy told about how he bought his first Cadillac. "I just walked into the showroom," Jimmy said, acting out the grand manner in which he had done it, "and I said to the guy, 'Give me one of them.'"

Jimmy laughed and slapped his leg and so did George.

"Lord," he said, "you should have seen this joker when I did it."

Everyone laughed again. George Foreman enjoyed the tale so much that he asked Jimmy to tell it once more. Jimmy did, and George asked him for still another encore.

Jimmy obliged for a third time, and George Foreman looked off into the distance, seeing what? Castles in the sky? No. Most likely the vision was of a gleaming Cadillac in a showroom. END

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AAAH-EEEE-AAAH



...UMGAWA

The voice of Tarzan is still heard in the land, but there are days when Johnny Weissmuller prefers a quiet drink to yodeling at elephants *by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM*

Somebody was knocking at the door, and for Johnny Weissmuller, nursing a headache in a Chattanooga motel room, it resounded like a hundred jungle drums thump-thumping at once. Weissmuller drew himself heavily from his chair and opened the door. Before him stood half a dozen children. "Are you really Tarzan?" demanded their spokesman, a gum-chomping boy who barely came to Weissmuller's belt buckle. Weissmuller nodded and the children began to chant, more or less together, "Tarzan, give us your elephant call, your elephant call."

Wincing, Weissmuller put a hand over his eyes and peered through his fingers at the children. The headache that bothered him was the legacy of a convivial time in Jacksonville, Fla., where earlier that same morning he had finished two hectic days of personal appear-

continued



ances. Now, besieged by children in a motel room in another strange city, Weissmuller was not at all looking forward to a weekend of signing more autographs, shaking more hands and exchanging more pleasantries, this time with the good people of Chattanooga.

He would, of course, somehow summon the strength. For on this warm, pleasant Tennessee day, exactly two months before his 64th birthday, after nearly 40 years as a national phenomenon, Johnny Weissmuller could still pride himself on his ability to withstand the most severe physical challenge, let alone a headache. Cut in the larger-than-life mold of his old Hollywood pal John Wayne, Weissmuller has always been the man of action, the nature boy, the noblest savage, the big bruiser. He was the athlete chosen by the Associated Press in 1950 as the greatest swimmer of the half century, the kind of superlative that nobody, least of all Weissmuller himself, ever wasted on his subsequent career as Hollywood's Tarzan. "The public forgives my acting because they know I was an athlete," he says. "They know I wasn't make-believe, like a lot of actors."

Thus forgiven, Weissmuller survives today as a pop-culture hero, one worthy of having been included in such company as Aldous Huxley, Marlene Dietrich and Lawrence of Arabia in the famous montage adorning the jacket of the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* album. As a symbol of high camp (a term whose meaning he recently admitted he did not know), he was a guest of honor last spring at a Tarzan film festival at Yale, an event that came to an abrupt and ignominious end when black students, taking exception to the movie's portrayal of wide-eyed African natives, blocked the showing of Weissmuller's first film, *Tarzan, the Ape Man*.

If Weissmuller remains inseparably identified with Tarzan today, it may be because he does nothing to discourage it. On the contrary, one of his favorite everyday expressions is "Umgawa," which he defines as Tarzanese for "Let's get the hell out of here," and at home in Fort Lauderdale he cannot so much as kill a spider without declaring, "The mighty hunter, that's me." To three generations of moviegoers, Weissmuller was the bare-chested guy who swooped through the trees performing good and difficult deeds, and he is universally thought of the same way today, even though, as he recently observed, "Most of my fans were kids when they first saw me, and they're people now."

As far as Weissmuller is concerned, the young fans who clamored for his elephant call outside the motel room will probably never qualify for the latter category. At first he tried to resist their demands by means of a diversionary action. He withdrew into his room, returning with a handful of 8 x 10 glossies of his younger self clad in a breechcloth. The kids grabbed the photos but, instead of departing, they stood their ground. "Your elephant call," they persisted. "Your elephant call." Finally, in partial surrender, Weissmuller issued a perfunctory little cry.

"Aah-ee-aaaah."

As calls of the wild go, it was sadly dispirited. But the children, delighted with themselves at having extracted even that much, pleaded for more. "Oh no, nothing doing," replied Weissmuller in his oddly high-pitched voice. "I've got to go to work now." He shooed the children into the hallway and shut the door.

Scarcely an hour later Weissmuller was in the Chattanooga Memorial Auditorium, true to his word, at work. Exhibits for the city's fourth annual Home Show, an exposition featuring such household objects as woodburning fireplaces, circular bathtubs and electric organs, were spread over two floors, and Weissmuller was appearing in a booth in a basement area that had been the garage back when the auditorium was built in 1922. That was about the same time Weissmuller burst into public view with the first of the 67 world swimming records he was to set, and over the years both the building and the man had undergone remodeling.

In Weissmuller's case, the biggest remodeling job involved his hair, which would be snow-white today except that, as he freely admits, he has long since taken to dyeing it, his current preference being a convincing henna. Something else that has come in for alteration is his waistline. In 1948, after 16 years as Tarzan, Weissmuller literally outgrew that part and began playing the role, fully clothed, of the white hunter Jungle Jim. Lately, diet pills have helped pare his weight from 250 to 220, but he remains sensitive about his girth.

Considering the smooth-muscled Adonis he once was, Weissmuller can be forgiven for being self-conscious today. It also happens, though, that he has nothing to be self-conscious about. Whatever he chooses to color it, the important thing is that he still has a full head of hair to work with. And though he swims only occasionally, he does so with sufficient strength and vigor to lend credibility to all those tales of bygone exploits. Indeed, appearing in the booth in the auditorium basement, shoulders squared under his blue blazer, his face somewhat jowlier but still set in that familiar deadpan expression, he had no cause to worry about anyone challenging the sign that hung overhead. It read: JOHNNY WEISSMULLER—OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF PHYSICAL FITNESS and HEALTH.

Unfortunately, the turnout at the Home Show was disappointing the first day, and there were moments when Weissmuller, boredom gradually replacing his headache as his principal affliction, wished aloud he were somewhere else. When the day ended, it was with open relief that he headed for the auditorium exit, greeting other exhibitors as he walked along. "Hey, Johnny," called a bald-headed man in front of a booth featuring kitchen appliances. "Let's hear your Tarzan yell." Without breaking stride, Weissmuller obligingly emitted a cry a few decibels louder than the one he had made for the children.

"Aaah-eeee-aaaaaaaaah!"

That night Weissmuller sat in the gloom of a private club near Chattanooga, drinking Manhattans and dining on lamb chops. Despite the throbbing sounds of a rock group, his headache was now all gone. At one point the group stopped playing and its leader introduced the visiting celebrity to the Saturday-night crowd. Weissmuller stood and

continued

Kent got it all together!



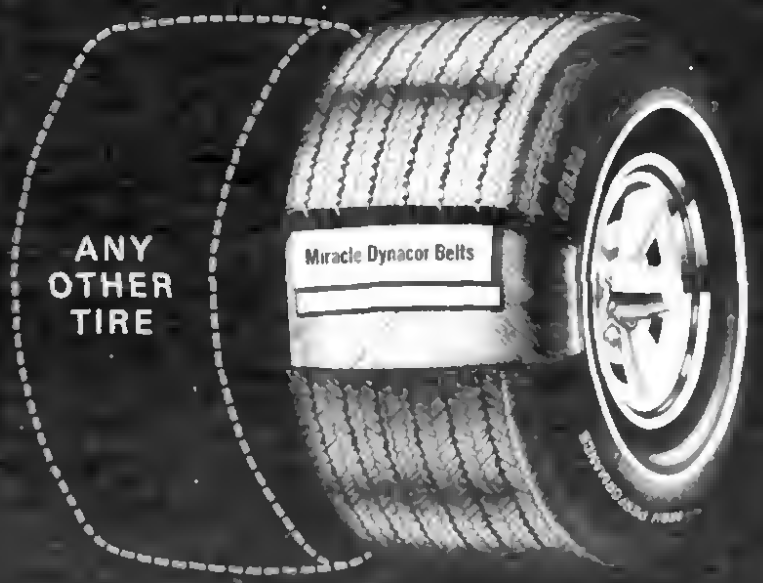
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UMGAWA *continued*

waved. As he sat down, a woman's voice sounded from across the room with what by now was a familiar demand. "Give us your jungle call, Johnny!"

This time Weissmuller cupped his hands over his mouth in the classic manner, which suggested that what was to follow would be no halfhearted call. Nor was it. The sound started somewhere in the stomach, seemed to rumble up the esophagus and finally came out in the general vicinity of Lookout Mountain. "AAAAAAAAAAAAH-
EEEEEEEEEEE-
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

As the crowd cheered, the band, its saxophone and electric guitars in full volume, broke into *Up, Up and Away*. Turning to a dinner companion, Weissmuller struggled to make himself heard over the clamor. "What a guy won't do with a little booze in him," he said.

If Saturday was too slow at the Home Show, Sunday turned out to be too busy. Still, Weissmuller carried on gamely. He laughed when yet another woman, bringing the total to at least a dozen, twitted by way of greeting, "Me Jane, you Tarzan." He patiently told still another questioner that Maureen O'Sullivan, who often played Tarzan's wife before rising to greater glory as Mia Farrow's mother, now lives in New York and, yes, he sees her from time to time. He confided to balloon-carrying children that Cheetah (there were many Cheetahs, actually) often scratched him; that the vines he swung on were outfitted with safety catches; that a mother in India once threatened to sue after her teen-age son, attempting to dispatch a tiger with a knife as Tarzan had done, wound up being devoured by the animal.

Few children had difficulty recognizing Weissmuller; his 18 Tarzan movies appear on television frequently, if not often enough to suit some people. "I sure wish they'd play more of your movies, Johnny," a middle-aged woman told him, "instead of all that psychiatry and psychology junk. My favorites are Roy Rogers, Andy Hardy and Johnny Weissmuller." Pleased, Weissmuller told her to write her TV station.

continued


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shirt of printed stripes
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UMGAWA *continued*

Occasionally, to be sure, some youngster remained at a distance, regarding Weissmuller suspiciously, as if trying to square him with the Lex Barkers, Ron Elys and the others whom TV has tried to pass off as Tarzan. In such cases, it usually remained for an elder to offer assurances to the effect that if all such claimants were contestants together on *To Tell the Truth*, it would be this man, Johnny Weissmuller, who would stand up at the end. "For my money, Johnny here's the one and only true Tarzan," said a woman in hair curlers, ushering her daughter of about 6 forward for an autograph. Ignoring the buildup, the little girl continued to stare at him blankly.

Despite Weissmuller's contention that the public forgave his acting because of his swimming achievements, many autograph-seekers seemed totally unaware that he had ever swum a lap. To remind them, there was a photographic display on a wall depicting five gold medals: the three he won in the 1924 Olympics and the two more he added in 1928. Still, the subject of swimming seldom came up except when Weissmuller himself, motioning toward one of the massage chairs in his booth, told visitors: "Between sitting in that chair and swimming every day, that's all I need to keep myself in perfect shape."

In plugging the massage chairs, Weissmuller was doing what he came to Chattanooga to do. The chairs, sold in the southeastern U.S. under the name Johnny Weissmuller's American Massage Products, are one of several product lines and services—others include health foods, swimming pools and mail-order vitamin pills—to which he lends his name. The idea behind Weissmuller's appearance at the Home Show was that he would draw visitors into the booth by his presence, while Loroe Cameron, the Florida-based entrepreneur who distributes the massage chairs, would handle the actual selling.

In his pitch to potential customers, Cameron emphasized that the massage chairs help increase circulation, which was no minor selling point since, as he assured them, "circulation is life and stagnation is death." Helping him get the message across was his sales force of one, a rotund man named Red Willever, a veteran carnival barker, weight guesser and pitchman whose selling experience hitherto had been pretty much confined to knife sharpeners, food slicers and ironing-board covers.



In the '20s Weissmuller was almost unbeatable at any distance from 50 yards to half a mile.

"Johnny's a beautiful guy," Willever had enthused on Saturday morning while munching the first of the half-dozen 3 Musketeers bars he consumes daily. "He's down to earth, and that's what makes him great." What diluted that endorsement was that Willever volunteered it while waiting for Weissmuller to arrive in Chattanooga, before the two men had ever met.

Under his arrangement with Cameron, Weissmuller gets a piece of the action. Since Cameron had gone into the massage-chair business just a few months before, there had been very little action so far. Weissmuller seemed aware of the need for patience, but his two colleagues, working the booth, were restless. For Willever, it was a case of adjusting from the low-cost "impulse items" he had previously dealt in to expensive furniture—the price tag on a typical massage chair was $579. "With furniture everybody's a lot slower to buy," he complained. "I can't stand it when people walk away with my money in their pockets."

What irked Cameron was one couple in particular who walked away, a young man in a shiny green suit and his red-haired wife. Trying to sell the couple a massage chair Saturday night, Cameron had brought them to that critical moment when the customer teeters tantalizingly on the verge of a decision to buy. Crouched between the two massage chairs in which they were sitting, Cameron, order book in hand, made an inspired move to push them over the brink.

"Ask Johony what he thinks," he urged the couple. "Go ahead."

Weissmuller, signing autographs a few feet away, caught his cue. As Cameron waited, Weissmuller gave the green-suited man an embarrassed look. "Boy, you won't regret it," he said softly.

Whether those words were responsible is impossible to say, but the couple not only decided then and there to buy but, what is more, agreed to pay cash. Pity that the deal could not be closed on the spot. Since they did not have the necessary $500-plus on them, they told Cameron they would have to go home for the money and then return Sunday, which they never did.

Waiting for the plane at the Chattanooga airport, Weissmuller could not get his mind off the article that *Saga* magazine published five years ago. He had been so upset at the time that he filed a $2 mil-

continued



Tarzan and Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan) dote on Boy in his feathered bassinet. Leo Carrillo, Jackie Cooper and Weissmuller attend a party for Louella Parsons in 1933.



lion libel suit, but he dropped it later. The article, which dealt harshly with his personal life, was subtitled *Fate, Fat and Too Many Janes Make a Monkey of the Greatest Ape Man*

Later, seated inside the first-class cabin, Weissmuller brought up the subject of the *Saga* piece to the reporter accompanying him, then issued an admonition that was half plea and half command: "Don't mess with my legend."

And just what was the legend he had in mind? "I'm supposed to be an idol for the kids," Weissmuller continued. "I'm supposed to be clean-cut and set a good example for them, if maybe their old man isn't so hot. That's why people always say to kids, 'Go see Tarzan, he's a great guy.'" He then lapsed into the first person he so often uses when discussing Tarzan. "You know, they're right, too. I took care of every animal in the jungle, the natives loved me and I always fought the heavy.

"I tried to play it like there really *was* a guy up in the trees. Remember the elephant that pulled the elevator up to my tree house? There are plenty of people in the world who'd like to get away from it all like that." Here his tenses became confused. "I know I would have."

His point made, Weissmuller settled back and began recounting the time that he sneaked out of a weight-reducing clinic near San Diego to attend a friend's wedding reception, got drunk on Dubonnet and seltzer, insulted the bride, came to blows with a couple of other guests and finally, after being carried out of the reception, had to beg the clinic to readmit him the next day. As an example for children, about all that can be said for it is that it beats fighting tigers with a knife.

The truth is that Weissmuller is probably too ingenuous to be a legend, or at least the kind of legend he talks about. On public appearances he loves to tell lusty tales of his Hollywood days, habitually cracking up listeners by saying, "I'm the original swinger." Another favorite line is, "If I'd married Cheetah, I'd be a millionaire today," which succeeds in a single stroke to call attention not only to the financial troubles he has had but also to the fact that he has been married, in best Hollywood tradition, five times.

It is with equal candor that his authorized biography, *Water, World & Weissmuller*, traces, as a blurb on the jacket puts it, "my victories in the water and the defeats I encountered on land." The book provides accounts of his marriages, particularly of his tumultuous life with Lupe Velez, the Mexican-born actress who told reporters when she and Johnny got divorced, "Marriage—eet steenks." There is an abundance of other Hollywood prattle, including an account of the time Tallulah Bankhead supposedly took a shine to Weissmuller.

"Dahling!" the book quotes Tallulah as saying. "You are the kind of man a woman like me must shanghai and keep under lock and key until both of us are entirely spent. Prepare a leave for 10 days!"

Older and presumably wiser, Weissmuller has managed since leaving Hollywood to tone down his personal life to a roar. He has been married for seven years to a high-spirited German-born woman named Maria, whose mother was said to be a countess with a castle in Bavaria. In a puckish moment, Johnny suggested to Maria, "Let's build a moat around the castle, put some crocodiles in it, then we'll build the place up as a Tarzan tourist attraction and pay off the mortgage."

Maria is a proud woman. "Oh, Zhonny," she protested in her thick German accent. "Ve do not have any mortgage."

"Never could take a joke," shrugged Johnny.

The Weissmullers live in a duplex apartment overlooking a Fort Lauderdale golf course. The apartment's four rooms are filled with furniture covered in artificial leopard skin, including two large couches, a couple of chairs, a footstool and half a dozen throw pillows. Ask Johnny about all that leopard skin, and he says, "Maria picked it out. I guess it's because of the Tarzan thing." Says Maria: "Oh, no, it has nossing to do with Tarzan. I like leopard skin because it doesn't show the cigarette

burns "Such are the restrictions of apartment living that when Johnny and Maria occasionally articulate their differences too loudly at night, the neighbors register their annoyance by pounding on the walls. Maria typically replies by swearing at them in German while Johnny, who is more the diplomat, calls out that he is rehearsing a movie role, a ruse that might be more successful except that his most recent role of any consequence was his last Jungle Jim film 15 years ago. Next morning there are fences to be mended. "I apologize to the neighbors," Weissmuller says. "And I translate for them what Maria said the night before."

But now, in the airplane bound for Fort Lauderdale, Weissmuller was concerned less with German translations than with the English original of *Water, World & Weissmuller*, which he said he intended to revise to make it "more inspirational for the kids." The revisions would consist, in the main, of excising all but the most essential references to his various marriages.

"I think I'll just mention three of my wives and leave out the other two," Weissmuller said, "I'll have to mention the one I had my three kids by, and I'll mention Lupe, and of course I'll mention Maria, but that's all."

"Why Lupe?" he was asked.

Weissmuller fell silent, absorbed in thought. "You're right," he said at last. "I don't have to include Lupe. I'll only mention two of my wives."

On Monday, all but recovered from the weekend, Weissmuller stopped off before lunch at the International Swimming Hall of Fame, a handsome building on a man-made peninsula on Fort Lauderdale's Intracoastal Waterway. Weissmuller is the Hall of Fame's honorary chairman (he is also commissioner of the World Professional Marathon Swimming Federation), and one way to tell whether he is inside is to look for his car out front, a 1970 Buick with a leopard-skin roof. Weissmuller received the car from General Motors as partial payment for a TV commercial.

It was at the urging of Buck Dawson, the Hall of Fame's executive director, that Weissmuller moved to Fort Lauderdale five years ago with the intention of playing more golf (he shoots in the low 80s) and partaking of Florida's good life. As for the latter, he could do worse than follow the lead of Dawson, an enthusiastic man in a black eye patch who on nice days abandons his office (decorated with a picture of Moshe Dayan) to give dictation to his secretary Mary on the Hall of Fame's front lawn, he shirtless, she in a floral bikini.

Today, however, Dawson was not sunbathing out front, nor, as it turned out, was he inside. "Where's Buck?" Weissmuller asked, entering the building.

"He'll be back tomorrow, Johnny," replied the man at the door. "He's at the swimming meet in Cincinnati."

As Weissmuller passed through the turnstiles, it was almost as if he had suddenly stepped into his own past. Just inside the entrance stood a life-sized statue of Duke Kahanamoku, the world's premier swimmer until supplanted by Weissmuller. In the exhibit hall loomed a 12-foot-high blowup of Johnny in a tank suit at the 1924 Olympics. Everywhere there were photos of old friends and rivals, including Buster Crabbe, who competed against Weissmuller both as a swimmer and as an ersatz Tarzan in one movie, and Eleanor Holm, with whom Weissmuller swam in Billy Rose's Aquacades. There were photos, too, of a huge, red-mustachioed man named Bill Bachrach. He was Weissmuller's swimming coach, but he was also, even more than most coaches of prize athletes, his surrogate father.

Johnny's own father, a Vienna-born brewmaster on Chicago's Near North Side, died of tuberculosis when the boy was 14. Johnny, who dropped out of school in the eighth grade, had learned to swim in Lake Michigan, and his passion for the sport led him to the Illinois Athletic Club, where the wily Bachrach was coach. The story has often been told that Weissmuller began swimming to build up his frail, sickly body, but Johnny, having tired of the yarn by now, refuses to perpetuate it further.

"That was something we put out to



Most famous of Weissmuller's five wives was Lupe Velez, the Mexican Spitfire

inspire the kids," he admits. "I was skinny, all right, but there was nothing sick about me. I would have filled out even without swimming."

Another story only partly true was that Weissmuller went undefeated as a swimmer. This conveniently ignores the losses he suffered during his early days with Bachrach, as well as an occasional second-place finish in the backstroke, in which he was never as strong as he was in the freestyle. The account also winks at the time in the mid-1920s when Johnny, who was essentially a sprinter, was outfoxed, if not technically outswum, by Sweden's Arne Borg, an IAC teammate at the time. Before the meet Bachrach neatly divided up the spoils, decreeing that Borg, a powerful distance swimmer, would win the half-mile and mile, that Weissmuller would take the 100 and 220 yards and that he and Borg would finish one-two in the 400, all for the greater glory of the IAC. But Borg had been upset by the American in the

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400 meters in the 1924 Olympics, and he felt he had an account to settle. As the 400 began, he went for broke, and before Weissmuller realized it had built up a huge lead. Inches from sure victory, Borg stopped. Having proved his point he had no desire to further risk Bachrach's wrath by actually winning.

"C'mon, Yohnny," Borg called. "C'mon." Weissmuller finally caught up and won a rather hollow victory.

There was nothing fluky about Weissmuller's races against the stopwatch. At one time or another, he held virtually every world freestyle record from 50 yards to the half-mile. His 100-yard freestyle mark (51 flat), which was set in 1927 without benefit of starting blocks, lane lines or flip turns, stood until 1944. And it may well be, as some oldtimers have contended, that he would have been credited with even faster times except for his coach's distinctive mode of operation on barnstorming trips.

Bachrach, it seems, had fallen into the practice of demanding $100 appearance money in return for a new world record by Weissmuller. Rather than risk putting any record out of reach with a single all-out effort, thereby spoiling his coach's game, Weissmuller learned to shave his times little by little. Sometimes Bachrach simply refrained from submitting a new record at all, and it was on several such occasions that Weissmuller is said to have dipped well below 51 seconds. This, at any rate, would help explain why those who remember seeing Weissmuller set one world record or another probably outnumber even the 350,000 or so who recall having been present in Wrigley Field the day Babe Ruth hit his called-shot homer.

As for the $100 in appearance money, some killjoys charged that such payments made Weissmuller a professional, but Bachrach always denied it. "Johnny's not the pro," he said. "*I* am." Indeed, Bachrach needed all the extra funds he could get to finance the 12-course meals, Havana cigars and private railroad cars he enjoyed. On their cross-country trips together, the sleeping car would fill up with Bachrach's cigar smoke, often making Weissmuller ill. "Holy mackerel, I'm sorry, John," the coach would apologize. Then he would open the door a few inches and resume puffing away.

Bachrach handled Weissmuller with great skill. Trying to negotiate one of San Francisco's steeper streets after a particularly heavy meal, he once offered 25¢ if Weissmuller would push him to the top of the hill. After Johnny did so, Bachrach paid up, then told the exhausted youth: "Holy mackerel, John, I don't think that pushing was good for your legs. You better go work out in the pool." Weissmuller tried, without success, to return the quarter.

To protect Weissmuller from hometown judges who tended to allow local boys to jump the gun in hopes of upsetting the famous swimmer, Bachrach advised Johnny: "Forget about the gun. When the other guy hits the water, *you* hit the water." But his idea of gamesmanship did not extend to bragging. When he overheard Weissmuller ask a group of rival swimmers before one race, "O.K., which of you guys gets second place?" Bachrach promptly ordered his swimmer to apologize. "None of the YMCA stuff, John," he said. "You're a world champion."

It was Bachrach who, figuring that Weissmuller had run out of watery worlds to conquer, told him in 1929 to turn professional by signing a $500-a-week contract to endorse swimwear. Three years later MGM cast Johnny in *Tarzan, the Ape Man*. He was the first Tarzan to talk in the movies, and the script had him do so sparingly, in monosyllables. "Tarzan was right up my alley," he says. "It was like stealing money." But Hollywood has its sharpshooters, and Tarzan was right up *their* alley, too. High living, costly divorce settlements and bad investments all took their toll, and Weissmuller's money slipped away.

Weissmuller saw Bill Bachrach now and then before he died in Chicago in 1959 at the age of 80. There were many times over the years that he wished he had Bachrach by his side to advise him. Now, pausing before his coach's photograph in the Hall of Fame, Weissmuller remembered something that made him smile. "I used to buy him cigars every Christmas," he said. "He smoked expensive cigars, that son of a gun."

From the Hall of Fame, Weissmuller went for lunch to a restaurant named Stan's, where he ordered a Bloody Mary and a Reuben sandwich, heavy on the sauerkraut. No sooner did the drink arrive than two men did, too, seating themselves at Weissmuller's table as if they were old friends. It turned out that Johnny had never met them before.

"Got something I'd like to talk to you about, Johnny," said the older and heavier man, whose initials were monogrammed on his apricot-colored shirt. In a slow, deliberate voice he proceeded to tell Weissmuller that he had been involved over the years in orange groves, insurance and many other business ventures – he had also been in "Uncle Sam's Navy" – and was now active in construction. By way of explaining his itinerant ways, he added, "I try to follow the trend of the market."

Lately, the trend of the market had taken the stranger into fiber-glass coated, lightweight concrete, a building material that had proved efficient in the construction of low-cost modular homes. Handing Weissmuller a stack of photographs to examine, he suggested that concrete *cum* fiber glass might prove feasible for building backyard swimming pools for as little as $400.

Weissmuller inspected the photos with great interest. "Only $400, you say?" he murmured. "Could be good."

The two men told him to think over their proposal, left phone numbers and excused themselves. "You know, he's talking sense," Weissmuller said when they had gone. "I like the idea."

In a moment the younger man reappeared with an additional phone number. "Say the word, we'll get the pool designed, price it and we're off to the races," he said.

"We'll go to town on it," said Weissmuller.

He tucked away the phone numbers to turn over to Allen Davis, his business manager. Despite the openness with which he had talked business with strang-

continued



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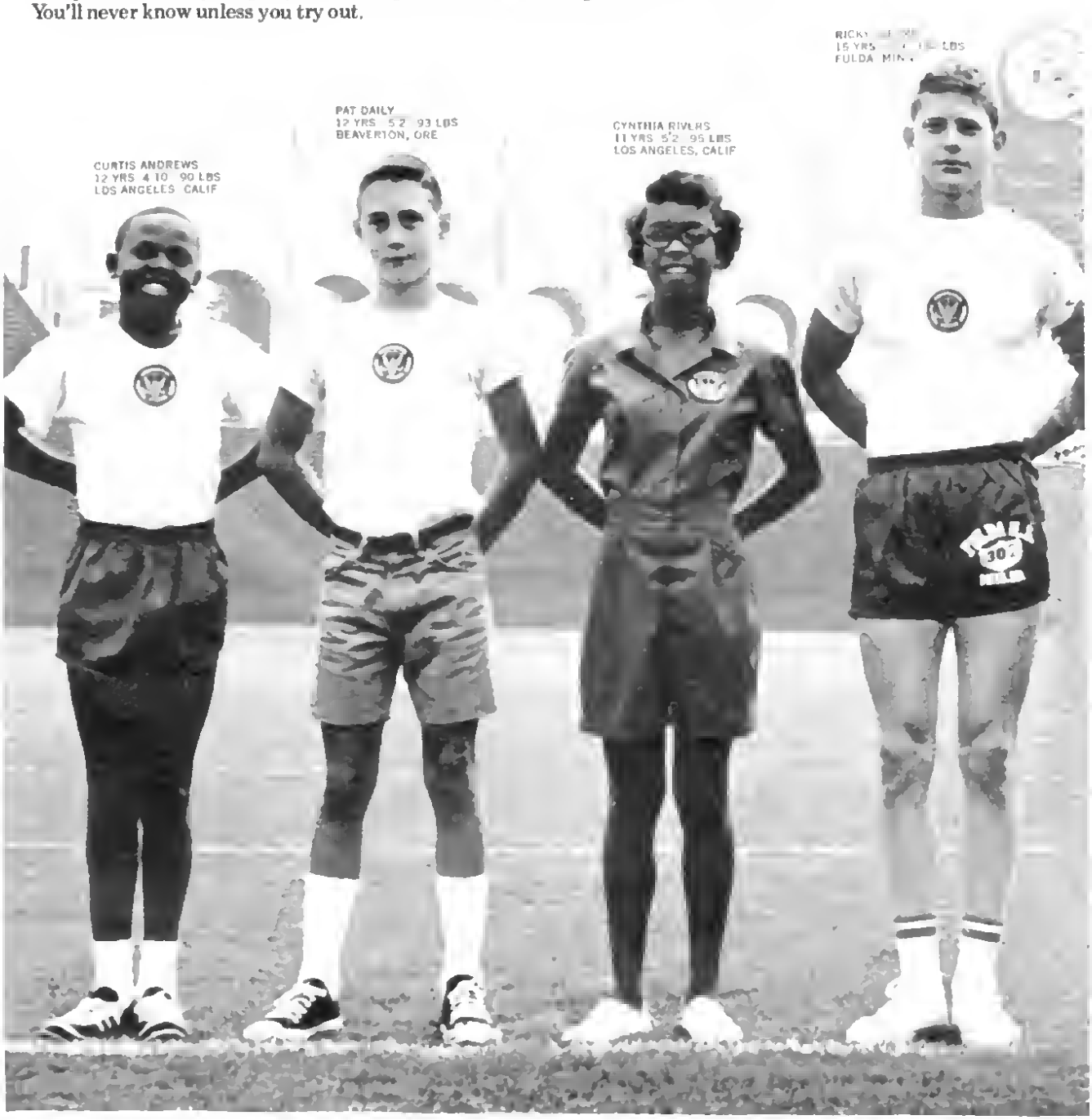
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ers in a bar, Weissmuller professed to have learned a hard lesson from his past. "My trouble is that I believe everybody," he said. "They promise me a million dollars and I sign the paper where they tell me to."

"Johnny has been too eager, too easy to get to," agrees Davis, who has handled Weissmuller's business dealings for the past year. A handsome, well-mannered man who favors silver ties against white shirts and tools around in a milk-white 1964 Lincoln Continental, Davis transacts business with full awareness that Weissmuller, natural resource that he is, is threatened from all sides by depletion and exploitation.

As a kind of personal Secretary of the Interior, Davis has in recent months steered Weissmuller into the massage-chair deal, vetoed a proposed tie-in with a Jungle Hut fast-food chain, prepared to move him into a land-development scheme and a chain of family resort centers and, finally, canceled plans for a Tarzanland tourist attraction that had become bogged down in legal entanglements. In considering future commercial tie-ups, Davis expects to favor any that, like health food and vitamins, will "relate directly to Johnny's background as a physical-type man."

By no means is Weissmuller broke. He receives no income from his Tarzan movies, but residuals for Jungle Jim, product endorsements and personal appearances yield a substantial sum. However, his expenses also run high, swollen as they are by payments for back taxes and what he has to spend to maintain the image of the retired movie star. "When I'm in a hotel, I have to give the maid at least $5," Weissmuller says. "It's partly because she expects it of me. But it's also so she won't steal my tie as a souvenir."

There is no way that Davis or anybody else could possibly protect Weissmuller from all the would-be despoilers. Their ranks include motel owners who succeed in getting free newspaper publicity by fibbing that they discovered Weissmuller taking midnight dips in their swimming pools. On personal appearances, Weissmuller is forever being asked to pose in a loincloth, and he still shudders about the time somebody perched a monkey on his shoulder during ceremonies at the Swimming Hall of Fame, whereupon the animal proceeded to make itself very much at home at his expense.

Everything considered, Weissmuller holds up rather well under the indignities he is sometimes condemned to suffer. On the day he lunched at Stan's, he and Maria went out for the evening, ending up at a Polynesian restaurant for nightcaps. The Weissmullers were sitting at a small table listening to a ukulele player sing of grass shacks and little fishes when a man at the bar a few feet away suddenly began singing a very loud and off-key version of *Granada*.

"Hey, buddy," called Weissmuller good-naturedly. "I think you've got the wrong island."

"Well, at least I don't swing from trees," the man shot back.

With that, the fellow hoisted himself off the barstool and began dancing around the Weissmuller table, beating his chest and scratching under his arms in what he loudly proclaimed to be an imitation of Cheetah. As heads turned in the direction of the Weissmullers, the man stopped and glowered at Maria. His stomach bulged over his belt.

"And this is Jane. I s'pose?" he demanded.

The Hawaiian music continued, but it is doubtful that anybody in the bar was listening to it now. Leaning forward in his chair, Weissmuller eyed the stranger evenly. "I'd like you to meet my wife, Maria Weissmuller," he said with great dignity.

The man's voice went soft. "How do you do?" he replied awkwardly. As he backed away, he nearly bumped into a cocktail waitress, a well-tanned young woman molded into a red sarong. He grabbed her by the waist and began spinning her around the floor.

The following afternoon, a bright and balmy day, Weissmuller decided to go swimming. Shunning the tiny pool outside his apartment, one so shallow, he complains, that "every time I take a stroke I scrape my fingernails on the bottom," he went to the Olympic-size pool at the Hall of Fame. As word of his presence spread, the inevitable crowd of youngsters collected, and when Weissmuller paddled to one side of the pool they drew him into conversation.

"What's the highest you ever dived, Johnny?" one boy asked. He wore braces and appeared to be about 10.

"Seventy-six feet off a cliff, in a Jungle Jim movie," Weissmuller replied precisely. "It's harder off a cliff, because you can't see the water so good."

"Then why don't you jump off that high board for us?" The youngster pointed toward the 10-meter board in the adjacent diving pool.

"I'm older now," Weissmuller said. "I'd break my ass."

"That's nice talk," the boy scolded.

After an hour or so Weissmuller climbed out of the pool, and a delivery boy came forward and handed him a small leather pouch. The delivery boy had asked for Weissmuller at the Hall of Fame, and Buck Dawson, back now from Cincinnati, had directed him to the pool. As the crowd of children reappeared, Weissmuller opened the pouch and removed a small object. It was one of his gold medals from the 1928 Olympics, which he had sent out a couple of weeks before to have photographed for the gold-medal exhibit in the massage-chair booth in Chattanooga.

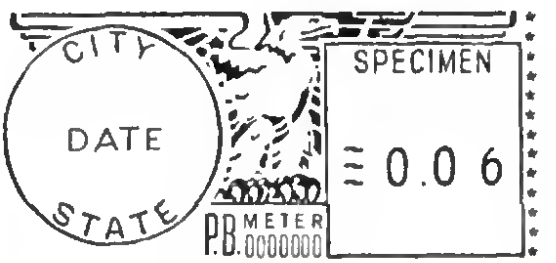
"I think I got this one for the 100 meters," said Weissmuller, displaying the medal in his wet palm. The younger children stood on their tiptoes, the better to see. "I worked four years for this. It takes a lot of hard work to do something like that." He paused, then added dramatically, "Try and duplicate it."

Weissmuller returned the medal to the pouch.

"Umgawa," he said, then he turned and headed for the dressing room to change into his street clothes. He was in a good mood. As he walked, refreshed by his swim, his feet made wet prints on the pavement, which formed a kind of trail between himself and the group of children for whom he had just set a good example. **END**

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The Year My Cousin Played the Rightfielder

Not right field, mind you—we weren't even in the ball park but just outside of it—and the game was not so much baseball as a weird kind of midsummer night torture test **by CHARLES GILLESPIE**

In recent years I have come to an accommodation with sophistication. I was not surprised when I saw an issue of a well-known magazine which included a photograph of royalty and royalty followers sunning themselves, topless, on a yacht near Costa Esmeraldas. I have brochures from Gstaad, where I know the ski set will be occupied with *après* ski Scrabble throughout the month of January; and from Aspen, where I know plumbing contractors will commune with modern jazz during the long, sweetened days of the summertime. I know about Ischia and Puerto Vallarta, Antibes and Biarritz. I am, in short, eminently aware of the world and its possibilities for diversion, and yet I am continually astonished at realizing that one of the things, apparently, that no one does any more is travel to East Texas.

There was a time some years ago when I was under the impression that the only vacation trip in the world was a journey to East Texas. I was living in West Texas, a separation of worlds distinct to residents of the state, if not to anyone else. West Texas was an abstract, all flatness, colors repeated on colors, invisible life and meaning, structures straight-lined and geometric, man-made, the Texas you expect when you hear the word. East Texas was an old-fashioned pastoral landscape, cows in the meadow, sheep in the corn, cotton in the fields, water in the streams and the smells of humid earth and wood-burning stoves.

My father and his father were West Texans, resident for almost as long as the land had had an authorized existence. My mother, however, was from East Texas, wooed and won to the West years ago during a casual trip to see a wandering brother. It was to visit the remnants of her original family that we began the series of summertime visits.

My uncle and aunt and my cousins lived on a farm—everybody in East Texas lived on a farm so far as I knew—at first in an unpainted sharecropper's house on land owned by a doctor, later in a white-painted house on their own land. A visit to them meant drawing water from the well by squeaky pail and rope, racing the rain from the fields to the back porch, digging up potatoes—all items of fascination to a young West Texan at the time.

Contrary to contemporary accounts, soul food was never the exclusive province nor even the invention of the blacks. Poor whites in East Texas had black-eyed peas and corn bread at nearly every meal, and rarely was one concluded by my aunt without a couple of fried mince meat pies, hot and literally dripping with the seepage of the crust. I must have consumed several hundred pounds of those mincemeat pies, right up until the day someone casually explained to me how they loosened the flesh of the hog's head to obtain the mincemeat. That went a long way toward explaining the occasional bristles I had bitten into, and it makes even the ersatz mincemeat I sometimes encounter in restaurants a trifle too strong to digest.

From summer to summer, since these visits were spaced precisely a year apart, it would be possible to plot a chart or some visual aid illustrating the years of our growing up, though in certain respects all of those summers had qualities of sameness about them. The first year we were in East Texas I walked to the country school with my cousin where some older boys coaxed us into a fight for the one undebatable reason: "To see which one can whip." I won the fight by tripping my cousin from behind and slamming his ear on the corner of a wooden border around a flower bed. In another year my youngest brother was lost in the woods and found by a Texas Agricultural and Mechanical Experimental Station man named Mr. Bean. We watched the hogs devour a muddy pond full of desperately wiggling water moccasins; swam naked in the classical version of the swimming hole; helped still another cousin deliver ice to the backwoods farm where chickens clucked in the same kitchens with some breathtaking girls. We listened to country music on the radio, and we spent a great deal of one visit sitting in a car, shaded by a huge tree, looking at a nudist magazine—airbrushed—and considering the very nearly incredible possibilities if we could only get near some girls for a couple of hours. What we did when we finally did get near some was play basketball, something my cousin did extremely well and something I did extremely poorly.

During one of these later years, the significant one in this particular chronicle, we also began to live baseball, more or less at the insistence of my cousin. Entirely at the insistence of my cousin, to be precise. He had discovered the sport and considered it far too important to just play around with like a game. Ev-

continued

ery morning, for hours, we shagged fly balls in the stubble of an almost-cleared field which unfortunately sloped downward and made each fall a challenge to a permanently pock-marked face. During the heat of the early afternoon we lay, along with the hounds, on a pallet on the front porch and listened to the radio broadcast of a major league game. Mentally retreaded by the excited announcer, we then employed the remainder of the daylight playing catch, positioning ourselves in shady islands around the huge lawn.

It was only a matter of time until my cousin realized the baseball day could be extended to almost midnight by catching a ride into Jacksonville—the nearest large town—on the nights the Jacksonville nine of some East Texas professional league (possibly it was The East Texas League) was playing a game. The Jacksonville park seemed fairly decrepit, the bleachers and the fences a perfect match for the unpainted sharecroppers' cabins except for the advertising signs, some of the signs worth $5 or a chicken dinner if a batter could hit them on the right spot. My cousin and I did not have funds for a ticket, but by climbing a tree on the third-base side of the park it was a simple matter to see into the game, except on the nights when we were late and the tree was already full of barefoot Jacksonville kids.

After a couple of innings my cousin would leave the tree and I would follow him out around the parked cars and into the heavily-wooded area behind right field. There was some stray illumination from the arc lights, and not far away, naturally, a grandstand full of people. For all practical purposes, however, we were in a forested wilderness, the sort of wilderness that inspires certain men and women to lie down in front of loggers' trucks to preserve it. Crickets and frogs made their darktime noises, the grass was thick and damp and high and I was uneasy, the way desert people are always uneasy when they are in the woods after dark.

The right-field fence was very nearly a picket fence, the gaps between the boards not quite wide enough to allow a baseball to escape, but easily wide enough for us to enjoy a clear view of the rightfielder, Jacksonville's star home-run hitter and my cousin's hero.

We would lie in the grass and look at his back; read his number, which was my cousin's favorite number; watch him kick at the grass with his hands on his hips—a posture we adopted for every activity from retrieving the mail to confronting arch enemies—and suddenly dart away at the sound of bat and ball action beyond our vision.

That is . . . we would do these things for an inning or two until my cousin would begin his plea.

He started slowly with the earnest request of the typical young fan demanding attention from his idol.

"Hoss, hey Hoss," he would say. "Throw me a ball."

Hoss, of course, did not reply, and my cousin would certainly have been ashamed of him, a God, if he had replied to so casual a hailing. But he would persist.

"Hoss. Throw me a ball. Come on Hoss. Over here. I'll get it."

Hoss would still not look around as my cousin, tortured, plunged deeper into the sad soliloquy. I cannot adequately transcribe the emotions that floated in the sound of his voice. I was there at his elbow, and I knew there was not a word of honesty, not a centimeter of sincerity in any sentence he spoke, yet I was always spellbound at the melancholy inflection, the neat sob of punctuation he summoned from who knows what reservoir of injustice as he talked to the Great Rightfielder.

"Please Hoss," he would say, his already country voice affecting a hayseed drawl from some obscure hollow. "Please throw me a ball, Hoss, I've got to have a ball. You don't need it, I've got to have it. Come on, Hoss. Please, please, please. Throw me a ball, Hoss. Please. I've just got to have it."

By this time the frogs and crickets were quiet in their own sort of amazement at the performance and Hoss was turning his head to talk to my cousin. He must have been a relatively decent fellow because he did not display any anger. "I can't do it kid," he'd say. "I can't do it."

"Please, Hoss. An old ball. Any old ball. Just throw it over the fence. I've got to have a baseball. Come on, Hoss, I need it. You can get me one. Please Hoss, an old dirty one. Please."

Soon Hoss was edging up toward first base, and we could only imagine his enraged manager coming out of the dugout to chase him back into position while the startled crowd buzzed with concern for their addled star.

Inning after inning, game after game, my cousin egged Hoss for a baseball.

"Oh, God. I've got to have a baseball. Please, God, let me have just one baseball. Hoss, you've got to throw me one. I need it. Please, please, please. Somebody please let me have a baseball. Oh God, why can't I have a baseball like other kids. Please, God."

Occasionally, when my cousin would tire of lying on his stomach, he would turn over on his back, chew on a piece of grass and continue the monologue as though he were reading the lines off the stars.

Thanks to Hoss' saintly character we were never disturbed. The rightfielder was obviously shaken but too proud or too nice to rat on a couple of kids, and so, gradually eroding a place in the grass, we lay there plaguing him during each home stand. Hoss' batting average fell off, possibly because the pitchers were catching on to his lumbering swing but even more likely because of the conscience that whispered to him in right field—the conscience being my cousin. You ask why my cousin tormented his chosen hero, and I reply that I do not know. But I do know that he did. Oscar Wilde had a reason for this in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, and perhaps that is the explanation.

And then, on an otherwise undistinguished night, it happened. My cousin, his voice slobbering in tears, had barely opened his mouth when Hoss suddenly ripped a baseball from his hip pocket and tossed it over the fence. The ball dropped with a thump the way a coconut would do if it fell from a tree into rain-mellowed earth. The ball lay there in front of our eyes, brilliantly white, brand-new, GOOD LUCK and HOSS etched in black, bold letters that completely obscured the league president's signature. We could not have been more astonished if Hoss had thrown a water moccasin over the fence or leaped the eight-foot barrier himself.

Stunned, unbelieving, we looked at the baseball for a long time. Then we looked at each other for a long time. Finally my cousin spoke again.

"Hoss," he whined pitifully. "Hey, Hoss. I got to have a ball for my cousin." **END**


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

ARCHERY—JOE THORNTON, 53, of Tahlequah, Okla. the 1961 world champion, set an American round competition record on the final day to win the men's title at the National Archery Championship at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, scoring 796 out of a possible 810 for a four-day total of 2,811 points. Ed Eliason of Seattle, Wash. was second with 2,796 points, and Dave Baird of Detroit finished third with 2,763. In the women's competition, 1965 National champion NANCY MYRICK, of Pompano Beach, Fla., amassed 2,712 points to recapture that title, Ruth Rowe of Avondale, Pa. (2,683) and Linda Myers of York, Pa. (2,673) finished second and third, respectively.

GOLF—FRANK BEARD shot a conservative one-over-par 71 to pick up the $30,000 winner's check at the $150,000 American Golf Classic at Akron. He wound up with a 72-hole total of 276, four under par for the demanding 7,180-yard course and two strokes under Jack Nicklaus, Bruce Crampton and Tommy Aaron, all tied at 278.

Holding a 5½–3½ lead after the first round, U.S. women golfers wasted little time in pulling away to capture the Curtis Cup for the sixth straight time with a 11½–6½ victory over the Great Britain and Ireland teams *(page 50)*.

HARNESS RACING—COLUMBIA GEORGE ($3.40), already the season's fastest pacer, registered the fastest mile in the 11-year history of Monticello Raceway in winning the George Morton Levy Pace for 3-year-olds in 1:58⅕. The time tops the track record 1:58⅕ set by Ristaltime in 1965. Roland Beaulieu guided the winner to a ¾-length victory over Truluck, who finished a neck in front of Shreik, driven by world champion horseman Herve Filion. Truluck and Shreik also bettered the old track mark, both timed in 1:58⅗.

Roosevelt International winner Fresh Yankee, driven by Joe O'Brien, surged up from sixth place in the stretch, but GRANDPA JIM ($16.40), an 8-year-old owned by Jim and Marie Trainor of Hammond, Ind., Bob Farrington driving, hung on to win by 1¼ lengths and set a track record 2:00¹, for the mile in Canada's richest trotting race, the $49,500 Maple Leaf Classic at Toronto.

HORSE RACING—Bobby Woodhouse, 21 years old, guided Saul Nadler's JUDGABLE ($59) to a three-length lead over Meadow Stable's Hydrologist to win the $60,400 Whitney Stakes at Saratoga Springs, clocking a 1:48⅘ for the 1¼-mile run. William Haggin Perry's Dewan finished a nose over last year's winner, Verbatim, to take third place in the field of 12.

At the $100,000 Monmouth Invitational Handicap, TWICE WORTHY ($6.40), John Ruane up, won by four lengths over Roman Scout in 1:48⅘ for the 1¼ miles, clipping two-fifths of a second off the track record set 14 years ago by Levee and equaled in 1961 by My Portrait. Kentucky Derby winner Dust Commander wound up third, three lengths behind.

PENTATHLON—PETER KELEMAN won the individual title with 5,220 points and led his Hungarian team to the modern world pentathlon team championship at Warendorf, West Germany. ROBERT BECK of San Antonio won the fencing and CHARLES RICHARDS of Tacoma, Wash. took the swimming to give the U.S. a 19-point lead over West Germany going into the final event but the team lost it in cross-country to finish fourth. The Soviet Union placed second.

ROWING—The U.S. was represented in three finals but finished fourth in each as EAST GERMANY completely dominated the first world junior rowing championship at Ioannina, Greece, winning all seven final races. The Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia finished fourth in the fours with coxswain in 5:09.4 and clocked 5:57.1 in the singles sculls, while The Litchfield Rowing Association was timed in 4:45.6, fourth behind East Germany's winning 4:37.5 in the eight-oared competition.

SEESAWING—STEVE COOPER and GARY TURPEN, both 17, of Castro Valley, Calif., teetered and tottered to a world record for continuous seesawing, going 124 nonstop hours to surpass the former record of 115 hours, 33 minutes set last spring in Yorkshire, England.

SKIING—Italy's CARLO DEMETZ, ninth after the first run, whipped down the 63-gate slalom course on Australian Mt. Thredbo to beat Max Rieger of West Germany on the second dash, winning the Wills International Cup. Top American was Tyler Palmer of Kearsarge, N.H., fourth in the field of 33.

SOCCER—NORTH AMERICAN LEAGUE. Defending champion Kansas City took over the lead in the Northern Division by defeating the Rochester Lancers 6–2, with Manfred Seissler scoring four for the Spurs, bringing their total points to 89 against Rochester's 88.

Northern Division: Kansas City (7-8-6), Rochester (7-9-5), St. Louis (3-15-2). Southern Division: Washington (13-4-3), Atlanta (8-8-5), Dallas (8-9-4).

TENNIS—Australian Rod Laver appeared to be headed for his fifth straight U.S. pro title and sixth in seven years after three sets—but countryman TONY ROCHE came back strong after a 15-minute rest to make a shambles of Laver's service and score a 3–6, 6–4, 1–6, 6–2, 6–2 victory at the $50,000 U.S. professional tennis championship at Brookline, Mass. Roche picked up 11 Pepsi Grand Prix points along with his winner's check of $12,000.

TRACK & FIELD—Australia's Ron Clarke, whose 27:39.4 still stands as the world 10,000-meter mark, announced at an international meet in Oslo—where he originally set the record in 1965—that this would be his last race. He then ran a 29:00.4 for a dismal sixth while FRANK SHORTER of the Florida Track Club finished first in 28:12.6, followed by Mariano Haro of Spain, whose 28:34.2 set a Spanish record. In the 1,500-meters, Norway's ARNE KVALHEIM won in 3:40.1, with American Marty Liquori behind him by one-half second. KERRY O'BRIEN of Australia lost one shoe but still managed to finish first in the 3,000-meter steeplechase, clocking a stadium record 8:31.2.

WATER SKIING—SALLY YOUNGER, 17-year-old self-proclaimed wearer of the "world's fastest bikini," averaged more than 56 mph in the 60.20-mile Grand National race from Long Beach to Catalina Island, finishing third overall and first among women in 1:11:40. Men's winner in the field of 43 was MIKE KENNEDY, 16, Pasadena, who clocked 1:09:06, an average of 57 mph.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: As swimming coach and director of student employment at Portland's Lewis and Clark College, ex-Olympian DON SCHOLLANDER, who dominated the sport for years, winning, among other honors, four gold medals in the 1964 Games and a gold and silver in 1968.

RETIRED: New York Jet Middle Linebacker AL ATKINSON, citing the lack of "team units" and the Players' Association's disregard for pre-1958 players in the new NFL pension plan.

DIED: JOHNNY GOODMAN, 60, who came out of obscurity as a 19-year-old from Omaha to beat Bobby Jones in the 1929 National Golf Amateur, then went on to win the National Open in 1933 and the National Amateur in 1937, in South Gate, Calif., of a heart attack.

DIED: JOE LAPCHICK, 70, one of basketball's Original Celtics and a Hall of Fame member, whose coaching career included the New York Knicks, from 1947-1955 and 20 years at St. John's University, during which he established a 335-121 record and guided the team to a record four NIT championships, of a heart attack; in Monticello, N.Y.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



RANDY COLEMAN, 15, of Jackson, Mich., who had never wrestled in an official contest, weighed in at 170—then went on to pin all three of his opponents and capture the 180-pound junior high title at the U.S. Wrestling Federation Tournament in Flint.



BILL BEND from Pewaukee (Wis.) High, led his team to the Scenic Moraine Conference title, striking out 175 batters in 81 innings and allowing only 22 hits for an 0.11 ERA. He scored eight shutouts and two no-hitters for a 10-1 season record.



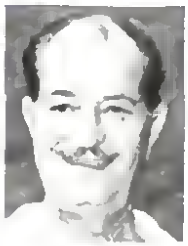
DAVID KEITH, 10, from Winston-Salem, N.C., voted outstanding camper at the Wake Forest Physical Fitness Camp, averaged 95% on the seven-item AAHPER test and led his age group in all track and field events, from the 50-yard dash to cross-country.



DR. DELANO MERIWETHER, of the Baltimore Cancer Research Center, won the AAU National Junior Men's title with a meet-tying 9.6 in the 100-yard dash at Wantagh, N.Y. He has run the event in 9.6, 9.5 and 9.4 this summer, his first try at track competition.



ANTHONY COLON, a senior at Power Memorial High School in New York City, ran a 4:06.0 mile at the Golden West Invitational Track Meet in Sacramento, fastest prep mile of the season and a New York State record. His previous best clocking was 4:08.8.



FRANK ROBERTS, 70, of Towson, Md., seeded first, defeated unranked 75-year-old Brian Hamlin of Bridgehampton, N.Y. in straight sets, 6-4, 6-4, to win the first annual U.S. Lawn Tennis Association National 70 tournament in Hot Springs, Va.



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After this initial success, Shell extended the course to 12 other schools, and 25 more will soon be added.

One thing we learned from the Brandeis experiment: if a boy can be encouraged to learn by shaping up a sick engine, he has a pretty good hope of shaping up his future.

SHELL

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RAINDROPS ON HIS HEAD

Sirs:

I was under the impression that *Don't Drink the Water* was the title of a play, but after reading your Aug. 3 article on the U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet I suspect that this catchy little phrase is the title of the opening chapter of a new tearjerking novel called *Putnam's Complaint*. Pat blamed everything but the weather for the U.S. defeat (on second thought, he did say, "It rained a bit"). I felt embarrassed that Mr. Putnam felt it necessary to highlight a bunch of petty grievances as a means of accounting for America's poor showing. By all means, don't drink the water—but don't soak it up with a crying towel either.

MARK R. KOWLER

Milwaukee

Sirs:

I must protest your publication of such hopelessly biased articles. Quite apart from its whining tenor, the article contains statements that are manifestly untrue, such as that Borzov had a false start in the 100 meters and was ahead at one stage "by seven yards"! Putnam is evidently unaware that millions of Americans saw this race on TV not only live but repeated in slow motion. The start seemed perfectly fair, and Borzov was never ahead by more than two yards. Is it any wonder that Americans are so often called the world's worst losers?

ROBERT J. MARSHALL, M.D.

Morgantown, W. Va.

Sirs:

The acerbic comments of Writer Pat Putnam as well as those attributed to the athletes hardly match your Aug. 3 cover, which seems to depict camaraderie between U.S. and Russian athletes.

FREDERICK H. HART

La Mesa, Calif.

Sirs:

After seeing the meet on television I thoroughly appreciate your efforts to discuss the problems our athletes had during their stay in Russia.

TOM LOHR

Lackawanna, N.Y.

Sirs:

Face it, the U.S. track team just wasn't as good as the Russians'!

DOUGLAS LEACH

Philadelphia

TEARS OF THREE CITIES

Sirs:

It was with much dismay that I read your lead item in SCORECARD (Aug. 3) regarding the doomed dome for Erie County. As a transplanted Buffalonian, I am an avid follower of the football Bills. Now, with nothing to fall back on but antiquated War Memorial Stadium, the chances for the team's remaining in Buffalo are virtually nil.

You state that "except for Dallas, Buffalo is the largest city in the country without a major league baseball team." You fail to mention the fact that the city's International League franchise was moved to Winnipeg for lack of support, thereby making Buffalo the No. 1 city in the nation without a professional baseball team of any sort.

DONALD W. KRONENTHAL

Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Sirs:

Indianapolis, which now ranks 12th (ahead of Buffalo) in central-city population, is without a major league baseball or football team. Move over, Buffalo, you're not the only one crying!

TONY HARRELSON

Indianapolis

Sirs:

Poor Buffalo. Poor Dallas. They have no major league baseball teams. Now consider Columbus, Ohio. It is without any major pro sport. Worse yet, it has absolutely no prospects. What makes the situation ludicrous is the large stadium that has remained unavailable. The Cincinnati Bengals might have been the Columbus Bengals if Ohio Stadium could have been used. But the Big Ten has had a rather silly rule against pro teams using its sacred sports plants.

Despite continuous capacity crowds for Ohio State football games, the one million people of the Columbus area have outgrown college-town ties. They deserve better, and that means pro sports.

JOHN LAWRENCE

Columbus, Ohio

PAY SCALES

Sirs:

After reading all three installments of Joe Kapp's story (*A Man of Machismo*, July 20 *et seq.*) in which he said he was the least deserving (of all the Vikings) of the awards that were given to him, I was rather amused to read in the newspaper that Kapp is now holding out for a $1.25 million, five-year contract. That sounds like an awful lot of money for an undeserving football player!

GREG WILKINSON

Davison, Mich.

Sirs:

With all the hullabaloo about salaries and pensions taking place between players and owners of professional baseball and football, the forgotten man, it seems to me, is the manager or coach. Where does all the bickering leave him? I bring up this matter because I recently read that Helenio Herrera, coach of Italy's Roma soccer team, signed his new contract without an increase in pay, thereby settling for last year's sum of 200 million lire ($320,000). I wonder what Hank Stram would say about this?

LARRY M. CISTON

Irvine, Calif.

Sirs:

Enthusiastic sports fan that I am, I nevertheless react with some bitterness to the pension demands of the NFL players. I was a 43-year veteran in teaching and receive a pension of $7,700 a year, with no Social Security benefits. Even so, I am more fortunate than many other teachers. I think any teacher would urge the players to realize how lucky they are and get back on the job!

NINA GRACE SMITH

Oak Park, Ill.

Sirs:

No lunkhead, whether in football or anywhere else, deserves such ridiculously high pensions for such minimal services. Maybe $5,000 at 65 for five years' service and $10,000 for 10 would be appropiate, but the suggested figures were preposterous.

EUGENE H. CLAPP

Boston

VASSSTLY IMPROVED

Sirs:

Needless to say, I was delighted to read in SCORECARD (July 27) that one of the two basic antimarathon alterations in the tennis scoring system that I have espoused for 12 long, tortuous years finally has been accepted for use in our two biggest outdoor events this year—Boston and Forest Hills. I refer to the use of VASSS (Van Allen Simplified Scoring System) sudden death in games in the set. Sudden death in points in the game (four points wins the game) is yet to come.

There is, however, one point that needs clarification—the statement attributed to Rod Laver. He says, "We [the players] recognize the need for some form of tie breaker, but the best-of-nine points system gives one player five serves, the other four. Obviously, the bloke with the first serve has a terribly unfair advantage." If the serve alternated after every point Rod would have a case. However, it can only be concluded that he, like many others, just hasn't read the VASSS rules thoroughly. These state that Player A, who would be serving in the odd game when the games are tied,

continued

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whether at 5–5 or 6–6, commences serving in the tie break and serves points one, two, five, six, while his opponent, B, serves points three, four, seven, eight, nine, sides being changed after the first four points. This means that Player A has the advantage of serving four out of the first six points, while Player B has the advantage, *providing he can bring the score to 4 points all*, of serving the ninth and final point either right or left. The balance between these two situations is so exact that in the Newport pro VASSS tournament and Forest Hills Open consolation in 1969 those who served first and those who served the ninth point in wins were within one or two percentage points of each other

JAMES H. VAN ALEN

Newport, R.I.

GROUNDERS

Sirs:

I wish to take issue with P. Stuart Reichertz' statement (19TH HOLE, July 27) that "baseball was meant to be played on grass, not some synthetic." Baseball was meant to be played, period. It would be hard indeed to inform a bunch of 10-year-olds playing ball on the streets of New York with telephone poles and manholes as bases that they were playing the game wrong. That's what baseball as a game is about: participation and enjoyment.

Baseball as a business is interested in protecting its investment. This means insuring that players will not be hurt, making the game interesting, colorful and innovative enough to make the fans want to come and maintaining the park the easiest way possible. In any case, baseball is played where the people are enthusiastic and are able to get their money's worth, whether it be Crosley Field, Fenway Park, the Astrodome or 121st Street in Manhattan. Ask the people in Seattle if an old, decrepit stadium with grass on the infield makes baseball more interesting to them

RICK WIEDERHORN

Minneapolis

Sirs:

I disagree with the theory that AstroTurf breeds bad baseball teams. The losing teams mentioned that have synthetic turf at home all manage to lose on grass when they go on the road. The Houston Astros have always played better at home in the Dome than outside on real grass.

AstroTurf should not affect Cincinnati. The turf is not a factor when teams have the hitters to keep the ball off the ground.

ZENO MARTIN JR.

Columbia, S.C.

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